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The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, September 7, 1932

No. 1499. Vol. CXV.

The BYSTANDER

Lenare

THE HON. MRS. DENNIS CRAIG

With her daughter, Deirdre, eight months of age. Her husband is the Hon. Dennis Craig, the younger twin son of Viscount Craigavon, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland. Mrs. Dennis Craig's name was Miss Aline Cumming, previous to her marriage in 1931

A SYMPHONY IN SUNLIGHT

An unconventionally posed group taken on the plage at Juan-les-Pins, which shows that young people—not necessarily of the bright species—as well as their elders, find enjoyment in summer on the Mediterranean shore. Josephine Baker will be recognised as sitting in the deck-chair and attracting childish attention

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

LAST week I heard Irene Scharrer play the César Franck Symphonic Variations very beautifully, one of the finest works the great Belgian organist ever wrote. If you want to see the coming winter's fashions, take a walk in the Promenade.

OTHERWISE in London, if you daily scan the social diary, there is little to find of interest, so we have to do a turn of the restaurants. In the Savoy we find Mr. Reginald Purbrick, M.P. for the Walton division of Liverpool, dining with

At Deauville Races

This popular French meeting attracts a large number of English spectators, and 1932 was no exception. Above are the Duke of Westminster (centre) with the Duchess, who is studying the card

DURING May, June, and July London is full, but rather empty-headed. During August, London is empty, but, luckily, London is still full of the heads: it is some of the others who have gone away to enjoy a holiday. But a holiday from what? Mostly a holiday from a holiday seems most probable.

IN September, most of the professional gossip-writers are away, so their pages are apt to present a mixture between a Court Circular and a geography of the Highlands, leavened with a few snippets from the Riviera, the Lido, and Salzburg. I feel that at the latter resort Mr. Sidney Beer should be presented with the freedom of the city, for his schloss-parties and his conducting efforts assuredly deserve municipal recognition.

FOR those in London, the Promenade concerts suffice. The B.B.C. and Sir Henry Wood achieve a great object: they present a huge variety of music to the public. The audiences are apt to be too enthusiastic, and often accord praise to indifferent performances. Bach nights are the crowded ones especially, but a Wagner night (Monday) is worth a visit from the harshest critic.

Lenare

Lady Delamere

A new portrait of Lady Delamere, wife of the fourth Baron Delamere, whom she married in 1924. They have two daughters. She is the daughter of Lord George William Montagu-Douglas-Scott, brother of the Duke of Buccleuch, and her two younger twin sisters are the Misses Jeanetta and Marjorie Scott

the Queensberrys, planning to leave in his yacht Zara for Norway, and at last I was pointed out the lovely Miss Victoria Ross, known to her multitudinous friends as "Vita."

An interesting visitor was Count Seirstorff, probably the best pigeon-shot in Germany, who has a wonderful pheasant shoot in Upper Silesia, a hunting-box for chamois in Austria, and the same for stag and bear in Czecho-Slovakia. In the big German shooting parties, the host does not shoot—he walks around looking after all the arrangements; one or two English hosts might follow the example.

The Baroness Graevenitz was there, too. She has a property in Kenya, is English, attractive, and lives in Berlin. She was just off to Derneburg to stay with Count Frederick Münster.

And mention of Kenya reminds me that Mr. Raymond de Trafford is in London; his wife is staying in Ireland. And so, too, was Lord Beaverbrook, stopping with the James McMahons, seeing the beauty spots, doubtless comparing them with his beloved Matapoedia Valley in New Brunswick. Sir James and Lady Dunn are off there next week. She appeared in the trade show of her film as Irene Richards, at the Carlton Theatre.

A nice piece of cinema acting was there last week, with Charles Laughton as the submarine commander in *Devil and the Deep*, and, for once, Tallulah acted instead of guying herself with that rather tiresome voice.

At Grosvenor House, Amy Johnson (I think we shall always call her that) told me whispers of a wonderful project which she hopes to achieve: I had a look at her maps of Russia. Her knowledge of topography is stupendous. With regard to Mr. Mollison's flight across the Atlantic, I was persuaded to read a leading article in the *Aeroplane*, so as to get a calm and dispassionate view of the achievement; if one has not an "air mind," one should read it.

Mme de Peña—"Flo de P," as she is known, to all her many friends, is back from Aix-les-Bains, so the cocktail-shakers are ringing again in Charles Street, with accompanying quaffs from those present, such as Sir Robert Throckmorton, Mr. Eric Hatry, and Lady Adare.

On the Links at

Left to right: Mr. D. Wallace, Lady Milbanke, M. Worthington (son of Lady Worthington), the (son of Lady Milbanke), Mr. G. Wallace and Lady Milbanke). The Wallace boys are sons of

Elwin Neame

Miss Geraldine Violet Sandbach

Only child of the late Major-Gen. A. E. Sandbach, and the Hon. Mrs. Sandbach, whose marriage to Mr. Graham L. Mackeson, Irish Guards, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Mackeson, takes place at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on October 5

Swaebe

In a Garden at Godalming

Mrs. Curtis, seen with her sensibly clad trio of children, Cherry, Glenda, and Alison, at the home of her mother, Lady Windham, at Godalming. Mrs. Curtis is a sister of the late Commander Glen Kidston

With the passing of the cricket season we congratulate Yorkshire on their success in the Championship, though with the general public Sussex (the runners-up) are a much more popular side from the general spirit in which they play the game. Lord Tennyson's many friends have written out telegrams waiting for his thousandth run (he may even now have got it). He is off to Australia to see the last four Test Matches.

Now let us take the ex-debs., who are scattered about like the sower's seeds, often in stoney places, but some in soil that eventually bears fruit in the social columns of the *Times*, though they are being rather slow about it.

Miss Margaret Whigham is up at Gleneagles, looking attractive yet demure as she watches the tennis; I do not think she takes a very active part in the sports. Miss Rose Bingham is in repose at Glynde, in Sussex, a charming old-world village. Miss Averil Streatfeild has been featuring in Venice, on her way to Dalmatia—very popular have Venice and the Lido proved. Mr. Randolph Churchill's voice has been heard booming along the canals, almost putting the gondoliers out of work. Lady Diana Cooper, Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald, and Lady Castlerosse have all graced the place, though I gather the portly Viscount preferred Blackpool. I feel the atmosphere of that coast would present a less jaded look than that of the Continental resorts, though Pourville strikes me as spontaneous and gay, also not too expensive.

Of Lady Bridget Poulett I have no news of the whereabouts, though one usually knows when she is about, for she's always much in evidence.

A. Owen

Turnberry

Sir John Milbanke, Master Hon. Peter St. Claire Erskine Lord Loughborough (son of Capt. and Mrs. Euan Wallace

A. Owen

On the Links at Gleneagles

Sir Raymond Greene and Lady Priscilla Willoughby. Sir Raymond was for a short time in the House of Commons. Lady Priscilla Willoughby is the younger daughter of the Earl of Ancaster

I feel sorry for the debs., ex, present, and sub. They are the victims of circumstances, for they all need a manager as a companion, not so much a man. They should never go to night-clubs, and certainly never go out en masse, and should try to give an impression of mystery. The great and beautiful French courtesan, Emilienne d'Alençon, always went out with an ugly woman friend, so what a marvellous comparison !

THIS, of course, is the season when we have such references as " the little brown birds," and " walking in line on the wheaten stubble," both of which phrases, I believe, are applicable to partridge-shooting ; and let 's not forget " the good old Yorkshire roar on the town moor," which denotes the running of the St. Leger at Doncaster, where society is this week assembled in force : the morning and evening perambulation round Messrs. Tattersall's sale paddock adds greatly not only to the future of bloodstock in the country but to the social interest of the day. An interesting feature of Doncaster is the number of stands for the visitors. There is Read's Stand, for men only, which rather corresponds to the Iron Stand at Ascot ; there is the Astley Stand, which is limited in numbers and consists mostly of hunting people ; there is the Nobleman's Stand, not exclusive only to its nomenclature, and also a County Stand.

A. Owen

The Hon. Cynthia Guest

On the links at Gleneagles. She is the younger daughter of Viscount Wimborne

OF the grouse, we are not hearing so much this season, for Yorkshire moors especially have done very badly with the birds dying of disease : moors like Bromhead and Marske are shades of themselves, though on the latter the Hubert Martineaus have done better than they expected. A hint for poor relatives comes from " Arthur," of Punch's Club, who tells me to cook a kipper inside a pigeon—it will taste the same as a grouse !

OYSTERS are another feature which call for eulogy, also some pretty ceremonial on the part of the civic dignitaries of Colchester and Whitstable. Cheesman's has reopened at Brighton, but Captain Buckmaster (the ever-popular

Claude Harris

A new portrait of Miss Sheila Beddington, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Claude Beddington and Mrs. Beddington. Mrs. Claude Beddington, who has a literary bent, entertains a great deal at her Hampstead house

" Buck ") tells me that he is not continuing with the oyster-bar at Melton.

AT the Café de Paris, I asked Stocco about his river-club at Datchet, named after his half-section, Poulsen, who has been sunning himself at Westgate. He thinks that London is getting much more " river-minded," and with fine weather next year all such projects as Datchet, the Hungaria, the Hotel de Paris at Bray, and the Show Boat will have a great time. The latter has now retired to anchor for the year.

OUR little friend, Quaglino, had a very bright face all last week. I found him smiling over the presence of Signor Grandi, the new Italian Ambassador, and the Duchess of Aosta, and purring contentedly at Lady Milford Haven and Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt. Captain Howard Kerr and Captain Philip Donner added dignity (military, of course) to the room, while Mr. Arthur Bendir looked to be hoping for a " skinner " in the Leger.

"Regular" on Racing

A Facer and Faces at York

GOODWOOD bent us. York broke us. It took Goodwood four days to catch us bending. York polished us off in three.

LOSING always hurts, but when punishment is coming my way I 'm all for getting it over quickly, and from the word "Go," that detestable old woman, Dame Fortune, left us with no possible doubt as to which side she was favouring.

YORK is a proverbially difficult place at which to make money, but this year it fairly surpassed itself, and quite a number of people did not back a single winner during the whole three days.

ALTHOUGH they cost me dear, I nevertheless derived a deal of satisfaction from the results of the two big races—the Ebor and the Gimcrack.

CAT O' NINE TAILS' owner, Mrs. Carruthers, was not present, having gone to the South of France (how many of us wished ourselves there before the end of the week !), but her husband was there, and made no secret of his delight at winning this important race with a horse most of us thought wouldn't get the trip.

No one backed the Gimcrack winner, Young Lover, but I am glad that Sir Alfred Butt will have the privilege of making the speech of the evening at the Gimcrack Dinner.

SIR ALFRED is a man with very strong views, and, furthermore, doesn't care two hoots for anyone. He is, I believe, a very able speaker, and his speech may add a touch of the dramatic to what has of late years (the late Lord Dewar's speech always excepted) developed into a somewhat dull and prosaic affair.

THERE is only one man whom I would rather had qualified as guest of honour, and that is Lord Durham, but at the last moment the Hon. George Lambton decided that the going was too firm to risk his promising two-year-old, Scarlet Tiger.

LORD DURHAM'S father did more for the Turf, in his capacity as Steward of the Jockey Club, than any man in living memory. It was his outspoken views in his Gimcrack speech that involved him in a famous libel action. Lord Durham won the case, and the decision of the court had a far-reaching and entirely beneficial effect on racing in general.

THE present bearer of this famous name is a man of few words in private life, but I am sure that he holds strong views on all matters pertaining to the Turf, and I hope that the time is not far distant when he will have an opportunity of voicing them in a public speech.

I SHOULD think that it is the first time in the long history of this race that neither the owner nor trainer of the winner was present, but Sir Alfred Butt was engaged on business and Frank Butters was at Deauville, buying yearlings for the Aga Khan.

As usual, there were plenty of house-parties in the neighbourhood, one of the largest being at Houghton Hall, where Colonel and Mrs. Philip Langdale's guests included Lord Kilmorey, whom it is always a joy to see on a racecourse, as, win or lose, he is always in good form.

LORD AND LADY MANTON were also staying with them. We thought Lady Manton looked frightfully smart in pale pink, with a white hat. We all want to know when her husband is going to start ownership in earnest. Apparently, though, he does not possess his late father's enthusiasm.

PRIDE of place we gave to Lady Edward Hay, who, we thought, looked absolutely grand in blue. She was with her husband, talking to Lord and Lady Middleton, who were entertaining a party at Birdsall House.

ANOTHER to look extremely attractive was the Hon. Anne Wood, in green and a white cap. (Sounds like a jockey, but did not look like one in the least.) She was walking with her parents, Lord and Lady Irwin, who had a party at Garrowby Hall.

MISS DIANA CAVENDISH is another who would add to our list of attractive Regulars if she would go racing more often. She was, I believe, staying in Lord Feversham's party at Nawton Tower, Helmsley. Another of his guests was Lord Stavordale.

Lady Blanche Douglas and Sir Delves Broughton at Derby Races

LORD HAREWOOD and the Princess Royal were unable to attend the races, owing to a family bereavement, but their guests came over, and I saw Lord and Lady Crewe, who were staying with them, just prior to the Nunthorpe Stakes, in the paddock.

LORD AND LADY CHESTERFIELD brought their party over from their lovely house, Beningbrough Hall. Lady Chesterfield's mother, the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme, was among their guests. Lady Nunburnholme is, of course, the owner of Loaningdale, whose victory in the Great Yorkshire Stakes was one of the bright spots in a list of very black results.

LOANINGDALE, who was a hot favourite, superbly ridden by Childs, only won by a head, and Lady Nunburnholme was temporarily overcome with excitement. His victory redounds great credit on his trainer, Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who many of my feminine friends declare to be the best-looking racing Regular.

CAPTAIN BOYD-ROCHFORT has exercised exemplary patience with this backward colt, who has been backed by some people for the Leger. I am sure, though, that his trainer would be more confident if the race were in a month's time, as I cannot believe that his latest form, when he was all out to beat some moderate horses, was good enough to win a classic. However, the race will undoubtedly have brought him on a lot, and he may be the best outsider.

THIS race won by Loaningdale was the race in which it had been intended that Orwell should make his re-entry into public life. Lawson, however, decided that the going was too hard to risk Mr. Singer's colt.

THIS is not particularly reassuring for those who have already backed him, as, if there was a fear of his breaking down at York, the eventuality may still arise at Doncaster, unless we have rain.

READERS of this page know my opinion of Orwell. At his best, I am sure he is a great horse, and if all goes well with him until the day of the race, *and we get rain*, I feel sure he will prove it at Doncaster.

An Owner-Rider at Lewes

Lord Nunburnholme, who rode his own horse, Deminkoff, in the Southdown Welter Handicap Plate at Lewes, returning to the weighing-in room with Lady Nunburnholme

In a Villa at Le Touquet

Mrs. Somerset Maugham's Guests

Miss Vivian Dixon, Mrs. Archie Campbell, and Miss Diana Mainwaring in the garden of Mrs. Somerset Maugham's charming villa home at Le Touquet. Miss Dixon is a young American guest; Mrs. Archie Campbell is Captain Archie Campbell's wife, whose stage name was Dorothy Field, and Miss Mainwaring is the daughter of Sir Harry Mainwaring, Bt.

Sir John Dashwood, Bt., and Mrs. Archie Campbell taking a brisk walk round the lovely garden. Sir John looks nautical because he has just stepped off Mr. Reginald Purbrick's yacht at Boulogne, which is close to Le Touquet

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, two more of Mrs. Maugham's guests. Mr. Miller is the well-known theatrical manager, and his wife is the daughter of Mr. Bache, the American millionaire, head of the Chrysler Car Company

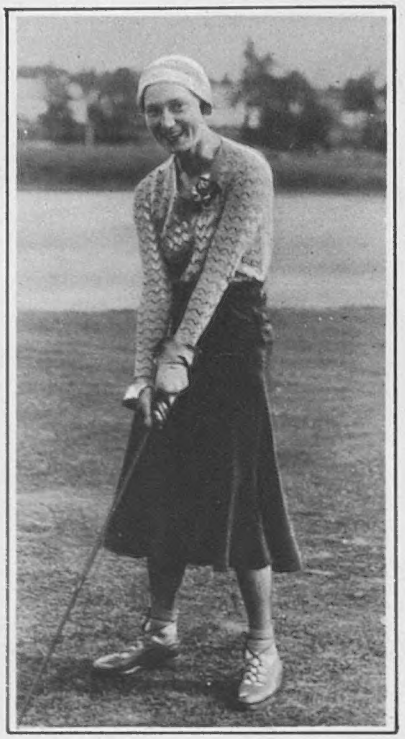
The hostess herself, Mrs. Somerset Maugham, the wife of the celebrated dramatist, novelist, and short-story writer, who is writing a new play for Ronald Squire. She is seen with her débutante daughter, who hardly looks old enough even for a "deb." They spend much of their time on the Riviera

The Lure of the Links at Gleneagles

Personalities in Perthshire

Below: Out of deference to the photographer, Mrs. John Eliot does not keep her eye on the ball

Mrs. Kenneth Holloway and Miss Margaret Whigham reveal the fact that it is not too hot at Gleneagles



Mr. G. N. Tibbett, Mrs. Curling, and Mr. G. Singer. Mrs. Curling is the daughter and Mr. Singer the son of Mr. Washington Singer

The Hon. John Willoughby and Miss Muriel Wright seek efficiency in a little driving practice, thus recalling the song, "tee for two"

The Duc de Mouchy, Lady Zia Wernher, and Viscountess Wimborne watching "where that one went"

Mrs. Todd, wife of Captain Todd, 9th Lancers, Captain C. Peto, 9th Lancers, and Mrs. Forrester awaiting their turn

Right: Lord Willoughby de Eresby, son of the Earl of Ancaster, in contemplative mood

Lady Briggs, wife of Lieut.-General Sir Charles Briggs, K.C.B., with Mrs. Denberg, photographed on the links

Sir Victor and Lady Warrender, with Mr. Nigel Seely, three more of the many visitors to the Perthshire resort to whom Gleneagles Golf Links make so much appeal

Photographs by Arthur Owen

Northward Bound

Miss Hilary Charles, one of the beautiful daughters of Mr. and Mrs. David Charles, who is going up to Scotland to stay at Wemyss Castle, where Lord Inverclyde is giving a house-party. Her sister, "Pat," is an artist, and has contributed some clever work to "The Bystander." Another sister, Madeleine, married the second son of the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Portman

Bassano

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf:

The Joys of Northern Tournaments

YOU who open your BYSTANDER know very well exactly how our men have fared in the Walker Cup match at Brookline. You know whether we have had a glorious victory or a glorious failure, or, perhaps (but banish the thought!), yet another of the long list of disasters which have befallen poor old Britain in this contest since its institution. But I, as I sit here writing, have not that advantage, for the demands of the printers make it necessary for me to pen these words for this issue before the news has been flashed from America. In these circumstances, I can but apologise for the fact that I cannot deal with the match until next week; but perhaps this is an advantage. In the heat of the moment, because of the elation of victory or the despair of defeat, one is very apt to get into a condition in which one may say or write things which, obviously, are no considered opinion—things which, for flattery, are divine, for base insults, are unforgivable. Therefore these demands of the printers may yet prove to be the means of tempering my words into an article of considerably greater value, and it is in this manner that I ask for your patience.

After all, you needn't spend the shilling, having now been warned!

THIS week, therefore, being unable to deal with the doings of Tony Torrance and his men, I will turn to some observations, the result of playing and watching in a recent open tournament in the north of Scotland.

I HAVE before now, on this page, spoken of the joys of these Northern tournaments. They form, I think, almost the ideal form of pleasant competitive play, for the variety offered covers all reasonable forms of golf, with the exception of the best of all—the two-ball foursome. In parenthesis, I should like to remark that I resent having to refer to the foursome as the two-ball foursome; but that most illegitimate child of golf, the four-ball foursome, has made such strides recently that I am compelled to stress the difference. Oh, that all numbers of balls in a match could be confined to two!

TO return to these Northern tournaments: the first day is occupied by every competitor in playing two rounds of medal play, in order to qualify the best sixteen to play off by match play on the following two days. But the interest for the rabbit has not ceased, either: another sixteen have qualified under handicap for another knock-out tournament, this time played under handicap; and so there are comparatively few left over for the bogey consolation round. If I may make one suggestion, it is that still more sixteens should qualify for their respective little tournaments: as many as possible, indeed.

IF this were done, then every individual entering who had the courage to return two cards on the first day would have another interest, at least until lunch-time, on the morrow, and I feel that these tournaments, already popular, would increase in popularity by leaps and bounds. At the present moment, there is a definite tendency to feel that a series of bad holes have knocked you clean out of any interest (beyond that in the rôle of spectator) which the following day may have to offer: but if this were impossible, in accordance with my plan, then there would be infinitely fewer disgruntled faces in the evening in the clubhouse, and there would be many less cards strewn in little pieces near the bunkers or the whins.

BUT it is not merely because of the pleasant conditions that these tournaments succeed. It is very largely because certain of the less pleasant and very obvious drawbacks of normal tournament play are practically unknown. It does not take you well over three hours to get round the course, for instance, even on the qualifying day. When you have qualified, it does not strike you, at first sight of your opponent, that the first thing you want to do is to return to the clubhouse and scratch immediately from the event. You play the game seriously, of course, but never so seriously that you find yourself loathing quite a nice opponent. You will not be asked to hole a putt of five inches. And the courses—Lossiemouth, Nairn, Dornoch, and elsewhere—are not only great courses in themselves, but, especially at Nairn, the scenery around is so lovely that you find yourself veritably having what I first heard described by Francis Ouimet as a grand day in the country.

IN the best of surroundings and in the best of company, however, little incidents are bound to occur. One or two points seemed to me, playing at Nairn recently, to require a little ventilation. One is mildly displeasing, so let us get it over as soon as possible.

One entrant—a good young Scottish golfer—has a most regrettable habit of snapping his fingers at his ball. In justice to him, I feel sure that this action is quite involuntary, but I feel that someone should tell him. In a hard match, an audible action of this sort is just the type of thing to tell on the nerves and irritate an opponent, and, in fact, this very thing did occur. But it did more than that: the bad habit definitely antagonised the crowd, and since it is always harder to play before spectators who are anxious that you should not win, this young golfer is making things more difficult for himself. If he can get himself out of this habit, I think it is no exaggeration to say (mad though it may seem) that he will find his tournament career more easy.

ANOTHER thing which surprised me occurred with regard to the rules. Two very good players both hooked their drives to the ninth hole, and both were unplayable in great gorse bushes. One suggested picking out.

Now, although they both finally did the right thing, nobody about seemed to know what should be done. The answer is perfectly clear: in the absence of any local rule permitting a ball to be picked and dropped from a gorse bush, the players must deem their balls unplayable and, returning to the tee, drive another ball, each losing stroke and distance. It is only in a medal round that a player has the alternative of picking from an unplayable lie: but he then loses *two* strokes, although he has the right to tee his ball, keeping the object from which he has picked his ball between him and the hole. I was frankly surprised that this elementary rule was not clearly understood. But it is surprising how little people bother about the rules of golf.

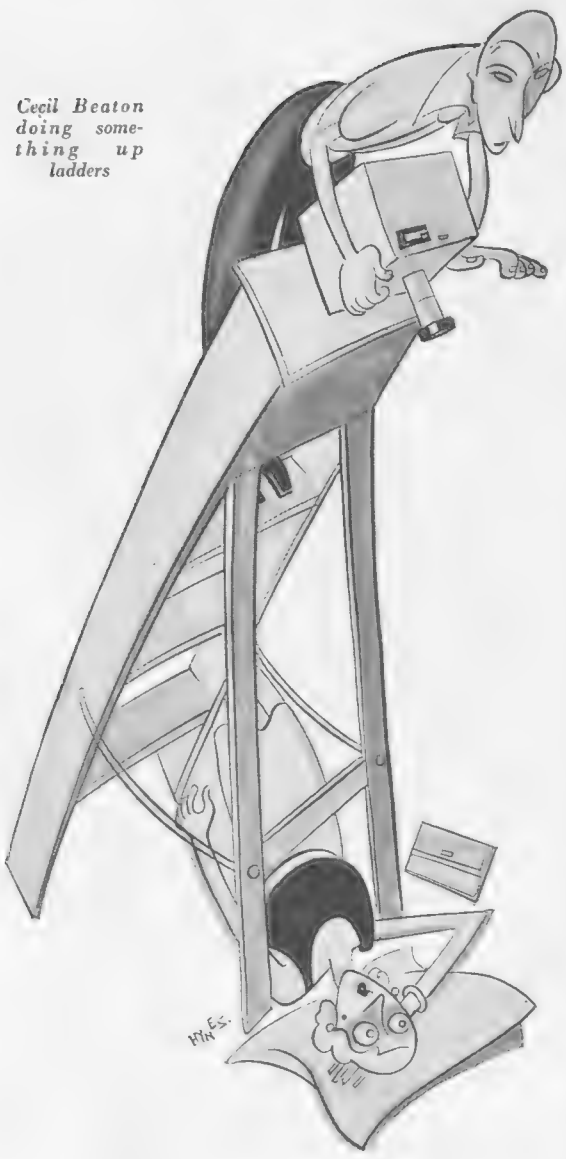
J. A. Board and A. W. M. Sillars, two competitors in the Borough of Deal Challenge Cup Tournament. The former won the Cup at the 1925 meeting

Photos by Bertram Eary

Two more players in the Deal Challenge Cup Tournament, held on the Royal Cinque Ports Links: P. T. S. Brook and I. Wilson Young. The latter played for Oxford in 1929. The winner was Capt. E. R. D. Hoare

D

MAYFAIR Through the



Cecil Beaton doing something up ladders

I CANNOT understand why the newspapers are so unkind and cruel about the young people of the present day. I find them very charming—a little high-spirited, perhaps, but then, youth generally is, and all the better for it.

I met a lot of them at a cocktail party my dear great-niece gave and, I must say, I thought them all delightful.

The first person I was introduced to was Mr. Cecil Beaton. What a nice young man! Good-looking and intelligent. I didn't quite gather what he did, but someone said something about climbing ladders to work. He looks wiry and alert—I should think he must be very good at games, although I am not quite sure what games.

We had a little talk, and then he introduced me to Lady Eleanor Smith, and her great friend, Lady Lindsay-Hogg. What a charming and touching friendship—it reminds me of the fun I used to have with dear Albertina when we were girls, before she ran away with a penniless subaltern in her father's regiment. I always thought there were other reasons than mere love, but they were both killed in a railway accident on their honeymoon, so we will never know.

BUT to return to the cocktail party, the most lovely person in the room was Lady Ashley. She has the most perfect hands, feet, and complexion. I always knew that a high instep was evidence of good breeding, and a lovely hand showed a lady.

Lady Ashley was talking to a man she called "Tim," such a charming man, who was being so kind and sweet to her, which didn't surprise me when she is so lovely. I was amazed, though, to hear later that he is Sir Henry Birkin, the famous racing motorist. How brave he must be! I remember my dear late husband, Montague, was tremendously dashing on a tricycle when they first came in.

"Men—and women, too—must have their bit of fun," I said to Mr. Charles Baillie-Hamilton. How very delightful his wife is—gay and witty, a child of nature. I could imagine her frolicking in the woods with satyrs and elves—a lovely nymph.

Mr. John Loder was standing near. He is, I understand, a famous film star. Interesting work, but I should imagine that having to kiss so many lovely blondes on the screen must make one very particular, or, perhaps, contrary, in one's spare time. A very young little blonde was also a film star, I heard—Miss Joan Barry. It must be much too hard work for children of her age.

A BEAUTIFUL creature called Lady Bridget Poulett was next introduced to me, but she seemed a little worried about something; I couldn't quite gather if it was mental or facial. Her brother was with her—an interesting young man with a broken heart and a penchant for trains. Such a curious mixture, I thought.

Everyone tried to sell me something, which seemed a little odd. A Miss Jeanne Stourton asked me to buy a hat from her. She had blue eyelashes, and she kept flicking them at a young gentleman from one of the newspapers. I think, perhaps, she likes him, so I do hope he noticed her.

A fat girl, with a pointed nose and the quickest flow of gossip I have ever heard, asked me to buy a dress through her, but a somewhat distant blonde and a charming woman with greying hair also wanted me to go to the same shop and buy through them.

A YOUNG man called Mr. Terry Weldon tried to sell me his soda water, and he looked so thin and hungry, I simply had to order a dozen.

Mrs. Freddie Cripps, a small woman with an attractive husband, wanted to wind-sweep my hair and give me artificial eyelashes; and a big woman, with bright clothes and such a lot of thin young men friends, asked me to buy a bag. I think her name was Mrs. Ansell, but everyone called her Gracie. She is not young, but a great success with "Janys."

There was a whole family of blondes, who had all married titles, at the party—Guinness, that was the name. A tall, fair young man, called Robert Bellville, was being most attentive to a grey-haired Mrs. Montague. They are both most interested in flying, but I thought what a charming example this was of youthful good manners. 1932 *is* polite, in spite of what everyone says to the contrary.

Lady Ashley and "Tim" Birkin

Cocktail Glass: (No. 4) By A Matron

Decorations by Hynes

Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton and John Loder

A Mme. de Peña came to the party. She was rather upset with somebody, but I couldn't find out whom. She assured everybody that she had no money, but she was inviting everyone to a party the next night, nevertheless.

Everyone seemed to be talking about a fair man called Sir Hugh Smiley—I couldn't quite understand why, but I think it was something to do with a camera, because people kept saying "Brownie," and I know my nephew has one, so perhaps he had taken a negative of something—I never can understand these photographic terms.

Someone called Quinney had lost a passport—such an inconvenient thing to do, I always think, and upsets all one's immediate plans.

I was interested to see Sir Oswald Mosley, of whom I have heard so much, obviously talking politics to a very tall and beautiful girl with dark hair, and Captain Peter Combe discussing the stage with lovely Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor. Mrs. James Rodney was talking of journalism to a pretty woman whose name I don't know, and Major Carlos Clarke and the Countess de Pret Roose were discussing horses very seriously. The Countess is tall and rather pretty, but she seems to smile with difficulty.

A very fat man with glasses came in and was introduced to me as Lord Portarlington. He said "How are you?" and did not wait for my reply, which seemed a little odd.

There was a good deal of chatter in one corner from a small woman called Mrs. Corrigan. I asked, "Who is Mrs. Corrigan?" and Lady Cunard, who was near me, said, "Did you ask who is Mrs. Corrigan?" And I said, "Yes; who is Mrs. Corrigan?" but just then Lady Cunard had to ask two or three important people to luncheon to meet two or three important people, and she didn't answer my question, which was really most disappointing, for I want to know who is Mrs. Corrigan.

I do think it is kind of Americans to come over here and spend all their money in entertaining us. I wonder why they do it?

Everyone was planning a schoolboy party for the evening. I think it is very odd why women want to wear shorts. Surely they must look at themselves sideways in the looking-glass? In my young days, we were not proud of that portion of our anatomy, but times have changed, and, judging by the tightness of the dresses and the choice in fancy dresses, that particular portion is now in fashion.

A pretty girl saw me to the door when I left, called Sonia Converse. She seemed to have a lot of men and women friends, but their names were so alike I couldn't gather which were which.

Well, well, things aren't what they used to be in my young days, but though I am a matron, I do not look askance at the antics of modern youth. I was, myself, young once and when girls and boys so constantly remark that more exciting and hectic times take place nowadays than in the past I never disabuse them. I am discretion itself. Not for nothing were the 'nineties called naughty, for even though they were pyjamaless days we had our naughty nighties! These are the days of recollections, discreet and indiscreet. May be that one day I shall be able to prove to my young friends between the boards of a book that we elderly folk also knew how to enjoy ourselves, even though the enjoyment was tempered with extreme discretion.

Dear, high-spirited, progressive youth, what charming ideas a lot of them have!

Jeanne Stourton tried to sell me a hat

Lady Lindsay-Hogg and Lady Eleanor Smith

At the Theatre

The New Plays: Marie Tempest and Gladys Cooper

"To-morrow Will Be Friday"

HAVING garnished your stage with one of Laurence Irving's nicest country-house sets, dotted it with the aristocracy and let loose a prelude of flippant small-talk—what does the author do then, poor thing? Dispense airy nothings for the rest of the evening, or change front and deploy into action?

IN *To-morrow Will Be Friday*, Phillip Leaver takes the light-comedy bull by the horns and turns it into the hobby-horse of crook drama. The mysterious stranger from Australia and the house-agent (Leon Quartermaine), who arrives at the end of Act One, drops his veneer of prospective purchaser, and emerges as a professional safe-breaker in a black Chinese dressing-gown. Caught red-handed in the small hours, by the men-folk, annexing Marie Tempest's emeralds, the burglar coolly rakes up an astounding story of his hostess's past, and holds that charming ex-concert singer up to blackmail.

Charlotte, Lady Immingham, in her professional youth, was rash enough to commit matrimony with a French acrobat. When the circus caught fire, the acrobat was nastily maimed and, presently, died. Whereupon his wife, having achieved immortality as a songster, married a lord, and settled down happily in her adored Coaters to win over the county and collect round her a coterie of pleasantly bright young people (dukes preferred), and a brace of elderly swains.

MR. QUARTERMAINE'S story, however, plunges this pleasant existence—marred, alas! by the need of selling Coaters—into the murk of bigamy. The maimed acrobat, he says, is alive; he himself is her Ladyship's nephew. Most embarrassing.

This is all so sensational and sudden that we are hardly breathing freely enough to swallow the scene of reconciliation between the professional thief and the aunt whose hospitality he has grossly abused. Beginning on a serious note of emotion, the encounter drifts by way of the artistic temperament, old times, and the lure of the circus tents, into a laughing camaraderie of forget and forgive. All this very properly astounds Lord Charles Harley (Athole Stewart), so that he whistles once more through his teeth (laughter). Charlotte's other swain (Mr. Graham Browne) makes clucking noises in broadest Scotch and retires to tickle his beloved trout; while upon the young Duke (Patrick Waddington) is heaped insult upon injury. For the scoundrel, whose face seemed familiar from the first—a jewel-thieving escapade in a Continental hotel—has had the supreme nerve to make very adroit and successful love to the lovely Cynthia (Celia Johnson), with whom any impoverished Duke would be proud to share his bankruptcy.

MISS TEMPEST, being relieved of the awkward task of dashing over to France to face the music, by the admission that the acrobat is, in fact, as dead as a door-nail, Mr. Quartermaine, touched as to his better self, departs un-handcuffed, having performed his part of the bargain as regards Miss Johnson.

He tells her, which we are intended to disbelieve, that he was merely philandering, which hurts her sensitive soul and leaves her mutinously unhappy, like a wide-eyed, wounded, spirited fawn—a simile which is intended to convey something of Miss Johnson's emotional armoury for these surface revelations of profounder under-currents.

BUT at this juncture, our author, being neck-deep in the pastiche, wildly scents the happy ending and trots out an apologetic love scene between the Duke and the fawn, which shows that lack of consistency which budding playwrights seldom escape. His piece, in fact, is a queer compound of the slick, the preposterous and, at moments, the exasperating. He can throw off a neat line—"You have the same look in your eyes as your father had when your mother was abroad"—and he knows the value of that type of facetious quip which brings laughs; as when an impeccable butler announces, "A Mister Thomas Cook on the 'phone, my lord; he seems to think you wish to travel."

Miss Tempest, strongly supported, is in tremendous all-round form, and that bare tribute must suffice as a criterion of acting good enough to guarantee any play a run.

"Firebird" at the Playhouse

THE cast is long, the Hungarian names are a mouthful, and the programme is not very helpful as a "Who's Who." So that at first we are as baffled as any stranger would be who stood in the entrance hall of a block of flats in Budapest and tried to piece together the private lives of the various inmates who flit up and down the stairs.

Kay Vaughan

Evelyn Spilsbury

Daughter of Sir Bernard Spilsbury, Hon. Pathologist to the Home Office, who is now playing in "Evensong," at the Queen's Theatre. She has also done some film work and appears in "Wedding Rehearsal" and "The Double Bluff"

At first, one expects some new motif to emerge from this spasmodic *Street Scene* staged from within. The comings and goings seem mysteriously fraught with purpose. But the organ-grinder, the schoolgirl with her autograph book, the garrulous widow, and the rest of the in-and-outers are soon relegated to their proper places. Lajos Zilahy, the Hungarian author, adapted by Jeffrey Dell, has been throwing a little preliminary dust in our eyes. The business on hand is Murder—with a mystery up till the last minute and then a surprise.

HER Excellency Gladys Cooper, tells Police Commissioner Frank Harvey that she shot Balkanyi, the actor (Hugh Williams), who had pestered her into becoming his mistress. His Excellency Alan Napier takes one scene to sift a mountain of circumstantial evidence bit by bit and arrive at the same conclusion. With his distraught wife in anguished tears and every suspicious fact accounted for, the poor man dutifully rings up the police, and we wonder what miracle can save Miss Cooper from the condemned cell.

Then comes the surprise in the shape of Mariette, the daughter, whom we met with her golf clubs, a naughty novel, a helpless French governess, and a flapper cousin, in the Prologue, and have almost forgotten in the snowball of suspense and suspicion.

MARIETTE is a modern. She wants to leave home, go on the stage and dance to the music of Stravinsky's *Firebird*. At last the title emerges! It was she who killed the vain and temperamental actor. Because he beat her, threatened her? Not at all. *He bored her!* When he pressed for marriage it was only because he wanted publicity. With a trial pending and then release—the revolver was one of those which just went off in the hand—Mariette's mother spoke hopefully of the return home and the beginning of a new life. But Mariette was unmoved. She didn't intend to come back; she wanted her own life.

WELL, that's that. Youth—God help it!—must be served. But it takes longer than fifteen minutes (Antoinette Cellier made it seem even less, so skilfully did she bring a brilliantly suppressed air of barbaric defiance to this last-minute bombshell of revelation) to straighten out such a tangled skein. It was like digesting a three-volume novel in one gulp. One had been sipping a bottle labelled "Melodrama — Old Tawny," and found it suddenly marked "New Morality—Non-vintage."

Baffling, but, thanks to a sterling performance by Miss Cooper, admirably supported all round, and the carefully accumulated suspense, not by any means unexciting.

TRINCULO.

BY KEN

THERE WILL BE NO FISH TO-DAY—TO-MORROW WILL BE FRIDAY

Our artist's impressions of the characters in Mr. Philip Leaver's new comedy, "To-morrow Will be Friday," at the Haymarket Theatre. Left to right, behind: The Hon. Cynthia Lynne (Celia Johnson), Duke of Brixham (Patrick Waddington), Lord Charles Harley (Athole Stewart), and Angus Tallboy (Graham Browne). Observable in front: Charlotte, Lady Immingham (Marie Tempest), and Garth Sydney (Leon Quartermaine)

Hors d'Oeuvres:

By "Caviare"

Miss Frances Doble and Lady Eleanor Smith caught at Victoria, when they were returning from a holiday together in the Black Sea, from which they re-appeared looking very brown. Miss Frances Doble has now resumed her part in "While Parents Sleep," at the Royalty

MEN often look older than they actually are. Lord Michelham does, for one. The contrary is Lord Ratendone, who looks like an enthusiastic schoolboy. One of the youngest-looking men in the House of Lords is Lord Mount Temple, who owns to being over sixty but has not a grey hair.

MONTE CARLO is swarming with Royalty, which must give some of the American climbers a kick (to use their own term). At a recent gala I saw the Grand Duke Boris of Russia, the Grand Duke Dmitri, Prince Andrew of Greece, Prince Charles d'Arenberg, Princesse M. de Broglie, Prince Cito Filomarino, Princesse Capece Zurlo, and Miss Peggy Joyce—sorry, Miss Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who, perhaps, is not so royal as others mentioned.

TALKING of Royalty, who is the uncrowned — King of Le Touquet?
King of Pourville?
King of Hearts?

MRS. POP D'ERLANGER is having a great success at Biarritz. She looks very attractive in pyjamas and a huge beach hat. Three lovely girls are the daughters of Colonel O'Malley-Keyes, who were all presented at Court this year by their mother, who is a great Biarritz personality. The Marquise de Portago is the smartest woman there this season.

SMART women, in the real French sense, are not so numerous as the newspapers would have you believe. Princesse Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge—in other words, Baba d'Erlanger—is universally acclaimed; Lady Abdy, who is Russian by birth, is essentially chic; Mme Dubonnet, whom we remember better as Mrs. Nash, has been spoken of as the best-dressed woman in Europe, but I think opinions differ. The Marquise de Casa Maury has been talked about for years as a leader of fashion, and Mrs. Reginald Fellowes must not be forgotten on this list.

PARIS is rent with the rumour of a parting between time-honoured married lovers who hold a unique position on the boards! Impossible!!

ARE trial trips a success? It depends which way you look at it. Anyway, as regards a lovely brunette and a well-known young man, the marriage will not take place.

"WHAT is love but the kisses you give and take?"
"What is love but a helping from Cartier's window?" says he!

LADY PORTARLINGTON'S idea of using a Ford car in London traffic instead of her large Rolls is beaten by Mrs. Louis Oppenheimer, who uses two taxi-cabs, the driver of each having been employed by her for seven years. Personally, I find No. 19 or 22 drops me at the door.

Mrs. Rex Colclough and the Hon. John Pepys, brother of the Earl of Cottenham, taken at Pinckney's Green, Berkshire. The dog, also seen in the picture, goes by the name of Axel

THE "Canine Times" announces that: Mr. John and Mr. Hamish have left York House for Fort Belvedere, where they will spend the summer with Mrs. Cora, who is in residence there.

THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, who has done so much for civil aviation, has the clear, far-seeing blue eyes which seem to be the perquisite of aviators and sailors. He is a clever organiser, with a charming way of listening to what others have to say. His dark-haired wife is very beautiful and intelligent. Everyone admires her.

LADY EARLE does her hair into a tidy bun at the back of her head. She is an extraordinarily neat person. Mrs. Claude Leigh is very tidy, and so is Lady Alexandra Haig. The loveliest and neatest person I know is Mrs. James Beck. She never looks flustered, untidy, or hurried.

S.O.S.—I haven't heard of Lady Patricia Moore for ages, or Mr. Hamish Erskine, or Mr. Patrick Balfour. Foreign papers, please copy.

Be-Laye there!

Evelyn Laye in the Rôle of the Girl Aboard the Lugger

The popular actress, Evelyn Laye, is seen above "somewhere off the Sussex coast," where she is on holiday. On the right, "Helen of Herbert" is prepared for squalls, in mackintosh and sou'-wester

Evelyn Laye, doing useful work at the tiller—which must almost inevitably remind her of stage dancing

Sasha

Cedric Belfrage *discusses* The

Holding the Mirror Up To—

Karen Morley, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film artist, has been here caught by the staff photographer, always on hand, in a charmingly reflective mood

IT won't be long now, you fellows, before the celebrated five-star film of *Grand Hotel* emerges from the tin chrysalis in which the gods of Metro-Goldwyn have been hiding it, and peeps timidly out in the West End. Just between ourselves, I saw the film myself some months ago, in New York, but I know how restive you two readers of mine have been getting, waiting for it to put in an appearance within easier taxi-distance of Piccadilly.

The latest dope from the inside is that, after all, *Grand Hotel* will be housed at Metro-Goldwyn's own West End palazzo, the Empire. Previous rumours were to the effect that it would be put on for a twice-daily run at one of the legitimate theatres. If it does make its bow at the Empire it will be the first film since *Hell Divers* to run more than two weeks at that stand, and it may even creep up to within speaking distance of the nine weeks' house-record held by *Broadway Melody*.

You have to spend a little time fiddling about with figures on scraps of paper to realise what any sort of a run at a cinema like the Empire means. With 3000-odd seats, six shows every week-day and two on Sundays, the Empire has a capacity audience of 114,000 a week. With a really big picture on the screen an attendance of 75,000 or so people a week is not unheard of, so that even a four weeks' run at the Empire is equivalent to a thirty-seven weeks' run of a play at an average West End theatre holding 1000 and playing eight shows a week. If that doesn't make you think, nothing will.

GARBO, who, I warn you, is nothing less than divine in *Grand Hotel*, is now, of course, tucked snugly away from the hurly-burly in a remote corner of Sweden. Meanwhile, all unknown to her, she is the cause of quite a fight that is currently going on in the city of Provincetown, Massachusetts.

It seems that a man called Arthur Robinson, of that city, describing himself as a short-story writer, said in the hearing of a chap named Fred McKay that Garbo's proper place in any well-conducted world would be in a laundry. Fred promptly challenged Arthur to a duel on the Cape Cod sands, in which Arthur got his neck grazed and Fred's thumb was pinked. It appeared at first that honour had been satisfied, but Fred just couldn't forget. He fairly boils over every time he thinks of the insult that was paid to his adored Greta. So, according to the latest advices, any night now may see a return bout being fought on the sands between Fred and Arthur—a much bloodier bout, in which anything may happen. Fred feels like slicing Arthur's tongue out, and Arthur won't take back a word of what he said. Grazed neck or no grazed neck, he still thinks Garbo ought to be presiding over a mangle. The furthest he will go is to admit that Greta would undoubtedly be an exceptionally good mangler.

MRS. FRANK BUCK, wife of the big-game hunter, whose film, *Bring 'Em Back Alive*, is opening at the Tivoli, contributes new wisdom to the matrimonial

Yet Further Reflections

Anne Grey, who, thanks to the looking-glass, appears twice over. She is also appearing as the romantic Bulgarian heroine, Raina, in B.I.P.'s film version of George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," an early Shavian masterpiece

Passing Picture Shows

"YES" AND "NO" DEPT.

By "Two and Four"

FILMS TO SEE:

Bring 'Em Back Alive—A new idea in jungle films, full of blood and thrills.

Jack's the Boy—The Hulbert and Courtneidge funfare, now continuing its run at the Tivoli.

The Dark Horse—A delicious satire on the American political circus.

FILMS TO AVOID:

Love on the Spot
Indiscretions of Eve

Below: In "Devil and the Deep": Charles Laughton, as Something in the Navy, and wearing a most elegant wrist watch, looks so amiable that he can hardly be the Devil of the title, and it is also a moot point whether Tallulah Bankhead, clasped in his arms, typifies "the deep"

"Devil and the Deep"

problem by averring that the jungle is the finest training-ground there is for the ideal husband. She advises all wives whose mates are inclined to get fretful and do not come obediently to heel to send them big-game hunting.

She says that she got her first intimation of this great truth when, on an early trip into the jungle fastnesses, husband Frank was rather badly clawed by a young leopard he was trying to train. Despite Mrs. Buck's entreaties, he would on no account have the leopard punished. While his arm was being treated he explained to his astounded spouse that the animal was frightened and didn't understand what he was trying to do.

It was then (so the saga concludes) that she began to realise that a man who troubled to see such a situation from the viewpoint of the animal would certainly apply the same attitude towards his wife.

Mrs. B. also rises to tell us that whenever her husband returns to civilisation he is always hugely appreciative not only of her companionship, but of the most trivial creature-comforts, which the ordinary husband would take for granted.

So old Schopenhauer can just go and take a running jump at himself.

Triangle Eternal

Adrienne Ames, Carole Lombard, and Chester Morris, who are appearing in "Sinners in the Sun." It is to be regretted that the heroine, Carole Lombard, in this love story "relaxes her hold on conventional standards," as the synopsis discreetly phrases living in sin

HERE'S a hot one from a Hollywood publicity announcement:

"Jeannie MacPherson, former scenarist for Cecil De Mille, has been signed to write a story called *Power of the Cross*. It was she who wrote *The King of Kings* and *The Ten Commandments*—and who better knows the Bible?"

If you saw *The King of Kings* and *The Ten Commandments*, and if you know anything about the Bible, you will see the joke.

* * *

HEARTS AND FLOWERS DEPT.

"I do not conduct wild parties."—Dorothy Lee, on being sued for £100 damage to furniture in the house she rented for the summer.

"I am quite sincere, and not merely trying to be a polite visitor here, when I say that I can suggest no praise too high for the English crowd players. We shot a very important and involved sequence without a single rehearsal, although the scene was full of laughing, cheering, and similar reactions."—Gloria Swanson.

* * *

WHAT'S GOING ON: Tom Mix will tour Europe with a rodeo next February . . . . Jean Harlow has sent an unsolicited testimonial on a photo of herself to the Los Angeles marriage-licence bureau . . . . Warner Bros. are going to film *The Miracle* with Loretta Young as the Nun. . . . The film of *Cynara* will be called *I Have Been Faithful*. . . . Mrs. George Jessel, divorcing her husband so that he can marry Norma Talmadge, netted a £20,000 settlement, and said: "I am making this surrender with the hope that it will be for George's happiness."

IF GOSSIP

The Hush-hush Banker—a Future—Forgotten

F. G. Johnson

Film and Footlight Favourite

Kay Hammond, daughter of Sir Guy Standing, who is playing a leading part in the British Lion talkie version of "Sally Bishop," the Temple Thurston novel, which is being produced at Beaconsfield

Gertrude Lawrence in Tragedy

A scene from John van Druten's new play, "Behold, We Live," at the St. James's Theatre, showing Gertrude Lawrence, as the unhappily married Sarah Cazenove, seated on the table talking to her silly, but catty, friend, Jewel Stribling, a part of which Eileen Peel makes much. This is Gertrude Lawrence's first appearance in serious vein

Sasha

Leonora Corbett

Who plays the part of "The Patient" in George Bernard Shaw's "Too True to be Good," which comes to London, after performances at Malvern and Birmingham, on September 14

UNLESS it was done with the object of benefiting the cartoonists, which was hardly likely, I find it difficult to understand why Mr. Montagu Norman should dash about the globe under the name of Skinner.

WHY, indeed, should the Governor of the Bank of England adopt a pseudonym at all? Norman has a high-sounding ring about it, in keeping with its owner's distinguished appearance, and is a good deal more picturesque than Skinner.

If Cabinet Ministers, Greta Garbo, Aimée Macpherson, and any Admiral of the Fleet or Field-Marshal can travel with (more or less) the names their godfathers and godmothers wished on them, Mr. Norman can do the same.

ROYAL persons travel incognito at times for a very definite reason—for the avoidance of official greetings, Mayors in top-hats, rows of troops, the booming of twenty-one guns, and the rest of it. Does Mr. Norman imagine that, important though the position is which he occupies, similar attentions would be paid to him unless he went out of his way to avoid them?

The truth of the matter is that this incognito business is partly the result of the hush-hush atmosphere which has been allowed to surround for far too long our officials of high finance; and it is partly bred, inevitably, by the enormous power these individuals are allowed to wield. They are, in short, irresponsible autocrats.

Secret banking transactions to-day are as great a menace as secret diplomacy was yesterday. They have done double the harm. If the effects of wise leadership on the part of Mr. Norman were in evidence he could, for aught I care, shave off his beard, call himself Nebuchadnezzar or the Queen of Sheba, and drive to Timbuctoo and back in a golden chariot with puce horses. Nobody would mind. Unfortunately, so desirable a contingency is as far off as ever.

AFTER a long, long holiday given to them in honour of the cheery summer time, let us return for a moment to our old friends, the licensing magistrates.

WE MUST . . .

Magister Irritans — Wine with Songs—A Birkenhead Story

Kreisler's Leading Lady

Marta Eggerth, a young German film star, selected by Kreisler to sing the leading part in his new operette to be produced in Berlin this winter. She is at present in England, working for Amalgamated Film Association in the new Lehar talking film

Walter Bird

A Haymarket Heroine

Celia Johnson takes the part of the Hon. Cynthia Lynne in the new play at the Haymarket Theatre, called "To-morrow Will be Friday," in which Marie Tempest provides elderly interest in a bigger part

F. G. Johnson

A Poet at Play

John Drinkwater, who has written the dialogue for the film version of "Sally Bishop," going over the script with Joan Barry, Harold Huth, and Isabel Jeans. The gentleman with the goggles, with his arm round Joan Barry, is Mr. T. Hayes Hunter, the director

The hot sun has brought forth a flourishing example of the exasperating type (*magister irritans*) from the mud of Southend. Mr. Joseph Frances, Chairman of the local Bench, was asked for an extension of hours for the supply of alcoholic refreshment, to enable the officers of H.M.S. Hood and H.M.S. Renown to be entertained at a supper-party. Surely a perfectly reasonable request. But "not for Joseph, oh, dear, no!" "I cannot understand," quoth he, "why people want to be up at midnight. I am usually in bed by ten o'clock."

A man who "cannot understand" so simple a thing as that has not the judicial mind and ought not to be sitting on a magistrates' bench or in the position of truly and indifferently administering justice at all. Since he *does* happen to be there, I trust his lamentable remark will draw attention to the ludicrous state of affairs which allows other people's behaviour to be ordained by one who is obviously incapable of seeing any other point of view than his own.

"I go to bed at ten. So everybody else should." Merrie England! Free England! Yet there is not one member of any political party, no public figure, no daily newspaper to lift a finger towards putting an end to this preposterous nonsense.

Of whom, or of what, are they frightened?

For a long time, the attitude of the public towards Empire wines was two-fold. It was either complete abstinence, in thought, word, and deed, that was based on ignorance, and snobbery; or it was outward praise and friendliness, with the inward reservation that one would rather praise them than drink them. That plenty of people now both praise them and drink them is obvious both by the rapidity with which their excellence is becoming known, and by the fact

that the annual import into this country of Empire wines now far exceeds that of wines from France and Portugal.

The other day I attended a lunch to celebrate the centenary of the planting of the first vines in Australia. The over-particular may be interested to know that those vines all came from France; so that Australian red and white wine is no strange liquor from some weird plant, but is produced from grapes grown on vines which are the literal offspring of those which supply some of the finest clarets, burgundies, and sauternes.

Of course, some Empire wine is not up to much. So, too, is plenty of French, German, Portuguese, and Spanish wine. But the *best* Empire wine can hold its own with the best European wine, and, in some cases, beat it. I know of a superb South African hock. At this lunch, with Mr. Cuthbert Burgoyne in the chair, we drank the Royal toast in a dry, sparkling wine of extraordinarily fine quality. It was not champagne, and it was not, of course, called champagne. But many an expert would not have been able to spot the difference. There is, I gathered at the coffee stage—and it was Kenya coffee, too—an Australian whisky. But it is not exported. One really couldn't ask for a "large Australian and soda."

Engaged

Lord David Cecil, younger son of the Marquess of Salisbury, with his fiancée, Miss Rachel MacCarthy, daughter of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, the author and critic. Lord David Cecil is himself an author of note

SONGS OF SPORTSMEN

No. 5. Bowls

MY tennis racket's laid aside,
No more I'll race about the court,
Increasing years and girth have writ
Their "finis" to that page of Sport;
And now I've joined those worthy souls
Whose sporting solace lies in Bowls.

No, no, young man; it is not a dull game,
(Do you think you can rest on me?)
And I'll never agree that Bowls is tame
(It's a case for the measure, I see)
Just wait till you reach my age, my son;
You won't find tennis seem such good fun
When your feet are flat and your wind is done,
And you've grown too heavy by half to run!
(Nice wood, Sir! We're lying three).

Of games I played upon the court
I do not greatly care to think;
But though those happy days are done
There still remains to me the Rink—
That verdant stretch which now consoles
Us "also-rans" who've turned to Bowls.

No, no, young man, it is not a dud sport
(Do you think you can "take a wick"?)
For Bowls calls for skill and lots of thought
(You'll get the right strength in a tick)
Though you choose to sneer and call it slow,
It's been played by men who've made a show.
There was Frankie Drake on Plymouth Hoe—
And now I've taken it up, you know!
(Good wood, Sir! that's done the trick!)

B. W.

Trapezily Accomplished

The Italian film star, Isa Pola, indulging in a little exercise on the Lido in a dress which causes no offence to the censorious eye of Mussolini

I FOUND myself picturing ghosts and haunted by memories as I listened to Vi Loraine singing her war-time songs at the Alhambra, where those concerned have parked their *Fanfare* and called it *Over the Page*. I had chosen the second night of the revival, and the younger generation, present in force, obviously knew neither the words nor the music of those hallowed ditties, "If You Were the Only Girl" and "The Great Big World." They listened with respect, somewhat rare in the breed, for Vi sings them now in oratorio-like fashion, much as Dame Clara Butt might sing "O Rest in the Lord," in Westminster Abbey. But I fancy they were glad, as I was, when the great revue favourite got busy with the comedy stuff.

Hugh Cecil

Miss Helen Gardom

The young scenario-writer of "Wedding Rehearsal" and "Young Apollo," who was discovered by George Grossmith and is now working for London Film Productions. She was formerly with C. B. Cochran

YOUNG Lord Birkenhead is busy with his famous father's *Life*. Perhaps he will correct the impression that "F.E." was a very rude man. He could certainly be acid in court, and he had a bitter tongue; but to meet privately he was extraordinarily charming—and I saw, at one time, a good deal of him.

Yet anyone who tried to be sarcastic with him was asking for trouble—and usually got it.

He once at a dinner-party pulled out a huge cigar somewhat prematurely. "Do you mind, Lord Birkenhead," said a woman sitting next to him, "if I go on eating while you smoke?"

"Not if you don't make too much noise!" flashed back the reply.

Saska

A STAR FROM RUSSIA

Nina Vanna, who first appeared on the films with Ivor Novello in "The Man Without Desire," has just returned to England to work in the film studios here, as she thinks them the most progressive in Europe. She is a Russian, and the wife of the Roumanian Consul-General in Berlin. Besides being an accomplished actress, she is a good linguist

Basquers at Biarritz

The Lure of France's Atlantic Seaboard

Two Royal Visitors

Above: The Prince of Wales and Prince George on holiday at Biarritz, whither they went after visiting the Mediterranean Fleet and staying for a short time at Cannes. The good golf courses in the neighbourhood are an irresistible attraction to the Prince of Wales, who has been to Biarritz more than once

Right: Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger seeks refreshment at the Bar on the beach after a dip in the sea. The summer heat at Biarritz is tempered by the Atlantic breezes, which, together, make an ideal climate

Left : A general view of the crowded Bar on the beach. In the foreground is Major Butler, the racing motorist. A notice on the wall in English is an indication of the number of British visitors who seek health and relaxation at France's western resort

Right : The Comtesse de St. Quentin leaving the swimming-pool wearing one of the large hats which are so much in evidence at Biarritz

Below : Lord Sackville, Lady Sackville—also wearing the popular hat—and Mr. Ralph Gore photographed on the famous Biarritz promenade

A Favourite Then and Now

"The Dubarry" and Anny Ahlers

Curtis Studios

Anny Ahlers has definitely been one of the successes of 1932, not only in her part as Louis XV.'s favourite in "The Dubarry," at His Majesty's, but among the many friends she has made in London. So great is her popularity that rumour has had it there may be a vogue for red hair in her honour

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander"

By Madge Garland

Here is the toque, but where are our feathers and curls? Modern hat by Rose Descat

Coming Cast

Sketches by Grace Corson

AT least we have, in common with our grandmothers, such items as tight sleeves with frilled shoulders, a fitted waistline and elaborate gloves

"THE new skirt is neither too tight nor too full. It falls gracefully round the figure without impeding any of its movements. All dresses not intended for hard walking are made long, and evening dresses have nearly all trains." It is the last phrase which gives away the secret, for this quotation does not refer to autumn, 1932, but to 1893, and this winter, thank heaven, very few of our dresses are encumbered by trains.

EVERY decade has its style, and every style its best type of exponent: we find it hard to imagine the Teutonic Miss of to-day, with her short, fair hair, her complete disregard of "deportment" and so-called "modesty," in the corseted and beruffled clothes of the past—and yet how similar are some of the descriptions! We are told that in 1893 "sleeves are growing into greater importance every day"—are, in fact, "Early Victorian in style—as we have now re-named 1830," and that there are puff sleeves and balloon sleeves which reach the elbows, with a lower part tight to the wrists—or otherwise a long kid glove covers the lower part of the arm. Then, to our surprise, we learn that this winter, 1932, our sleeves will be close-fitting with much fullness towards the shoulder, whose width is exaggerated by various tucks, trimmings and such-like elaborations concentrated around the arm-hole. We are told that our waists are to be close-fitting and at the normal line, and that our bodices are to be fitted to the figure and fastened either with buttons or hooks and eyes. True, this year's are Gargantuan and made of wood! but in 1880, "buttons in the form of large hooks and eyes are used for dresses."

OUR gloves are elaborately gathered or ruffled, and are made of velvet, and our high-necked coats are accompanied by removable "tippets" of fur. Even the furs which are in fashion are reminiscent of our grandmother's day—sealskin, beaver, ermine and sable, but there is breitschwantz to lend an air of Transatlantic contemporary chic.

OUR evening dresses show a variety of silhouettes: they can be close-fitting to the figure with the suspicion of a sleeve, or with such wide bands of the material over the shoulders that the inevitable appearance of breadth is achieved; or they can mould the bust closely and have

ON the right is seen an attractive striped sports suit where the stripes are used to give the inevitable broad-shouldered effect. Next to it is seen a hat, worn well in the centre of the forehead, of black velvet with black gloves of the same material. The matching set of shoes, bag and gloves shown in the sketch below are of felt trimmed with black patent leather

Events their Shadows Before

Text by Madge Garland

long, very full skirts slit up almost to the knees giving, when the wearer moves, the impression of an antique freize with just a hint of the sophistication of the Directoire period; or full, circular skirts can be tied into a sash at a normal waist-line. But the newest line is given by the old-fashioned gown of heavy velvet, tight-fitting over the bust and the hips, and worn with a stiffened underskirt. This, with wrinkled velvet gloves of the same material as the dress, and a short fur cape reminiscent of the "pelerine," gives a new-old effect which is as coquettish as the most exacting woman could desire.

OUR gloves loom large in the wardrobe of to-day; this past summer we have had crocheted cotton gloves reminiscent of the mittens of our childhood, and now we have shirred and gathered gloves of every hue to match our different costumes. They can be made of velvet for both day and evening wear, or for day only, of felt to match our handbag. Our hats rarely employ felt, but favour velvet and suède; that which is illustrated below on the left is of black velvet and is trimmed with a tiny bow of white ermine. What we have lost, to return no more, I hope, are the "magnificent robes suggestive of millions and nothing to do" (I quote from a post-war but pre-Chanel report of a mannequin parade), and the "silver and gold lace, ribbon, embroidery, fine embroidered net and lace used to make Dutch bonnets, Dolly Varden caps, and Eastern headdresses, all of which come under the heading of morning caps." In these, so we are told, "the mistress of the house gives her orders," for she knows "that to impress the cook is an important matter." I somehow cannot envisage many 1932 mistresses impressing their cooks by these Albert Hall methods, but I *can* imagine quite a number of them cooking their own and their husband's breakfasts!

(Right)

OUR puffed and frilled shoulders, our tight-fitting bodices, which are often fastened by buttons down the back, are somewhat reminiscent of the beauties of the Edwardian era

(Left)

THE dancing figure is wearing a cinema dress which has a demure short black coat to transform it into a costume suitable for the street. The black dress of the seated figure has a removable ermine scarf and belt

Early Indications of Autumn's Advent

Some advance sketches from the London shops

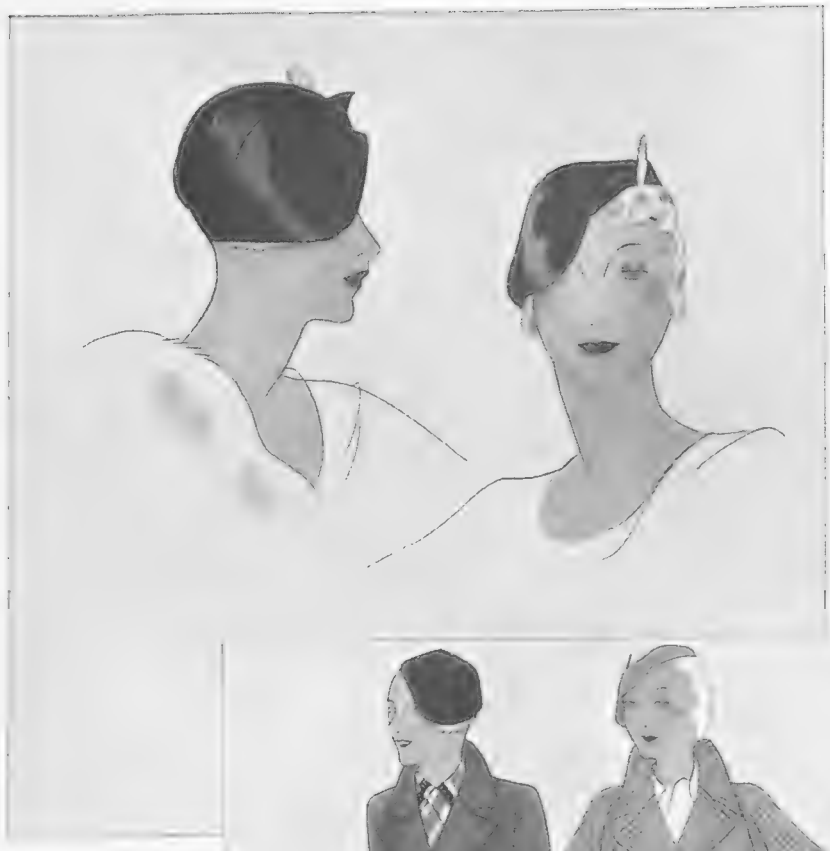
THE Wild West has inspired H. J. Nicoll this autumn and Rodeo blouses are amongst the many novelties which they have prepared. Two examples are sketched below and are made in gaily checked woollen materials obtainable in a wide variety of colour combinations. They are trimmed with handkerchief scarves or ties of the same material and cost 39s. 11d. each.

THE combination of rough and smooth surfaces is another whim of the moment and one of which H. J. Nicoll have made good use in their autumn collection. Several of their new coats are made of very rough, nubbly woollen materials with collars and revers of smooth velvet, and this contrast forms an excellent trimming which permits one to dispense with fur. An example is sketched below on the right where a dark red woollen coat is trimmed with a collar and cuffs of matching, but slightly darker, velvet. This attractive coat costs, though it is almost impossible to believe, only 3 guineas, and is one of many charming models at the same tempting figure.

THE pelerine has had a strong influence on the new coats and a great many are completed by little shoulder capes either of material or fur. A more elaborate version is sketched below on the left. This shows a black broadcloth coat with a fitted waist and slightly flared skirt which has a shoulder cape trimmed with black astrakan and fastened on one shoulder. The slightly puffed sleeves and pointed cuffs give a very becoming line to the arm. This coat, which is the very thing for early autumn wear, comes from Richard Sands.

Checked woollens and Corduroy velvets

BÉRETS are now worn tipped over one eye, not pulled down over an ear. Here an attractive new model from Rose Descat is carried out in black suède, with a tiny black and white feather on one side



(Right)

THESE two excellent waterproof coats are Milwata models On the left is a Point-to-Point coat of waterproof material, with a box pleat at the back, and on the right is a smartly tailored corduroy velvet coat with raglan sleeves

(Below)

THE smart Peggy Morris travelling coat on the left is made of checked tweed and fastens with a buckle at the back. On the right is a three-piece costume in beige and rust colour from Richard Sands

Books of the Day

The Victorians: Some Novels

By "Junius"

SHORTLY after the war it seemed that a new adjective, expressive of contempt, had been added to the language—the word "Victorian." Sometimes the contempt was tolerant, but generally it was intolerant, and the neo-Georgians, who used it so freely, made the mistake of applying it to a whole reign, instead of to an attitude of mind of a certain section of the people during a portion of that reign. They likewise made the mistake of overlooking its giants in art, science, literature, poetry, and politics.

The swing of the pendulum was bound to come, and we have its first indication—if we except the growing taste for mid-Victorian furniture and monstrosities in coloured glass of the same period—in *The Great Victorians* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 8*s.* 6*d.*), edited by H. J. Massingham and Hugh Massingham.

Forty well-known writers of to-day have each written a study of a great Victorian, ranging from Matthew Arnold to Edward B. Tylor, the father of English anthropology. Myself, I think it one of the most remarkable and valuable books that has been published for years. You may not agree with all the opinions expressed, but, taken as a whole, these forty studies prove this deduction in the introduction, "Actually it was an age when leading minds, as in the Renaissance, began to explore in every direction. Discovery was physical, scientific, historical, and religious. There can be no doubt that our minds, suspicious, probing, experimental, meditative, owe a great deal to the courage and impetuosity with which the Victorians pioneered us into fields of scholarship and science, where they had not yet the right weapons to conquer."

But one cannot agree that Queen Victoria, "domestically-minded, viewed politics personally, familiarly, and managed the nations as she would manage a kitchen." History and the Queen's *Letters* disprove this.

THOSE who believe in the theory of reincarnation will be fascinated by Mr. A. E. W. Mason's new book, *The Three Gentlemen* (Hodder and Stoughton; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It radiates the spirit of three ages—the Roman occupation of Britain, Elizabethan England, and our own day.

Attilius Scaurus, a young Roman patrician, is exiled for service in Britain because of his extravagances. Here we have vivid pictures of the building of the Great Wall to keep out the Picts, and of life amongst the Roman legionaries. Tragedy befalls Attilius as he is on the point of leaving Britain after years of service. Then we have the story of Antony Scarr, a young Cornishman of family, whose father has been burnt in an auto-da-fé by the Spanish at Valladolid. He enters the secret service of Queen Elizabeth, and is hanged at the yard-arm of one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada. The third gentleman is Adrian Shard, who becomes secretary to the head of the Board of Trade.

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Peggy Morrison

One of a family every member of which is known in the world of letters. Miss Morrison writes under the name of March Cost, and her latest book, "A Man Named Luke," will be published on September 19 by Messrs. Collins

AS you read about Francis Drake, of Queen Elizabeth at Cowdray Park, of Walsingham, you realise that Antony Scarr once was Attilius; and Adrian Shard's odd recollections of the streets of Genoa show you that he once was Antony Scarr. It is all done subtly, by odd flashes of remembrance, odd scraps of old knowledge, and with a wealth of colour in each period. And in each period there is a girl who, in the end, is Adrian Shard's reward. A remarkable book.

MISS MONA WILKINSON has a strong sense of character, but she has yet to learn that the essential point of a novel is that its action should not appear to be arbitrary on the part of the author. Her first novel, *The Mulberry Tree* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), fails in this essential.

There is no reason, so far as the plot is concerned, why Leah should be strangled by her mad brother; no reason, either, for the details about Leah's mad father. Actually, she is a subsidiary character, a "feeder" to Jean and Anthony, who follow the precepts of free love, and to Alison, who eventually marries Anthony.

If Miss Wilkinson had made Leah the heroine of her story, her really gripping presentment of the mad father and mad son would have been essential and, judging by this portion of her book, her undoubted mastery of the macabre would have had powerful effect.

"WINE, WOMEN—AND SOLDIERS" (Methuen; 5*s.*), by T. A. Lowe ("Tallow"), is a diverting book of burlesques on Army life in India. They have had a great success in India, where they originally appeared in the *Statesman*. I'm sure that success will be repeated here, because of their wit and humour.

ANOTHER amusing book is *Fanfare for Tin Trumpets* (Barker; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Margery Sharp; full of shrewd observation, too. The Embryo Club for Young Writers—none of whom is under fifty—is the hero, Alistair's, first introduction to so-called "literary life" in London. And very neatly does Miss Sharp satirise the great unpublished. Then there are the Training College Students whom the author deftly labels thus:—

"Two plain young women chattered about history. One could tell they were very up in their subject, because instead of saying James the First and Charles the Second, they said Jimmy One and Charlie Two." A jolly book.

MR. JAMES HANLEY'S previous books have shown him to possess a compelling power in his descriptions of the harder side of working-class life and an instinctive understanding of conditions which are in themselves a tragedy.

In *Ebb and Flow* (The Bodley Head; 7*s.* 6*d.*), we have the tragedy of youth. Three boys, of whom the eldest, Condron, is sixteen, are scalers and riveters at the Liverpool docks. Mr. Hanley spares us no detail of the ugliness and squalor of their lives. His greatest strength is his realism. One touch of sentiment, and he would lose his convincingness. As it is, you feel his book is as remorselessly true as the conditions under which these three boys live.

But on one point Mr. Hanley is a little confusing. Condron's mother becomes deaf and dumb through a sudden shock. But she carries on conversations with people as if she were actually speaking, and although we know she and her son use the finger-language, it is not clear whether the others use the same communication.

Above: The Vicomte de Spoelberch, the Vicomte and Vicomtesse Guy de Jonghe and Donna Vera Mazzucchi very much awake at the hour of the siesta

Below: Mr. and Mrs. William J. Warburton, of New York, preparing for the plunge

The Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia with his maternal uncle, Prince Andrew of Greece. The Grand Duke and his beautiful American wife, Princess Ilynsky, are sharing a villa with Lady Baillie

Andrée Lafayette, the French cinema star, who played the title-rôle of the American screen version of "Trilby," which was produced in France

The Sun and the Swimming-Pool

Notabilities at Monte Carlo Beach

The Borough of Deal Cup

Players Pictured on the Royal Cinque Ports Links

Above: Col. G. McL. Sceales and J. Hanson Lawson indulge in the pipe of peace after the latter had won by 2 and 1

Below: Capt. R. Johnson and G. E. Grant Govan. A thunderstorm brought out the umbrella

Above: A bare head and a béret. R. W. Usher and W. D. Clarke on their way to the last green

Below: Bernard Drew and Comdr. H. S. Gillett seen waiting to drive off

Above: Capt. D. S. Peploe and L. W. Webster enjoy a joke

Right: Col. H. D. Buchanan-Dunlop and G. T. Eagleton starting on their way to the first green

Bertram Eary

Howard Marshall on Cricket

Our Chances in Australia

IT is rather a shock to realise that another cricket season is over and that one more summer has crept insidiously behind us. I don't propose to be maudlin about it, though it is sad to think that for many months we shall enjoy no more of those idle hours in the evening sunlight at Lord's.

Still, we should be wiser to count our blessings, and we have a good deal to be grateful for, including some glorious cricket weather. Then there was that grand race between Yorkshire and Sussex for the county championship, deservedly won for the sixteenth time by Yorkshire, a fine and enterprising team. No one begrudges Yorkshire their victory, or doubts for a moment that they are the best side in the country, but many of us were sorry when Sussex slipped behind. There would have been something stirring about a Sussex triumph, and I cannot help feeling that it would have given a stimulus to the game. But there it is—Sussex gallantry, especially when Duleepsinhji fell ill, could not stay the pace, and all honour goes to the team-spirit and general efficiency of Yorkshire.

THIS illness of Duleepsinhji's is a serious matter for England. As I write, it is not yet decided whether he will be fit enough to go with the M.C.C. team to Australia, and even if he does go, I suppose there will still be the uneasy feeling that he may not stand up to the strenuous conditions out there. Putting aside for the moment all questions of qualification—and, in my opinion, neither Duleepsinhji nor Pataudi is truly qualified for England—we shall miss Duleepsinhji greatly, both as a batsman and a slip field. We can only hope that his illness is not so serious as has been suggested.

UNFORTUNATELY, there is no doubt at all about R. W. V. Robins, for, definitely, he has had to refuse the M.C.C.'s invitation, and this is a heavy blow indeed. Robins was just the man for Australia—young, fit, brimful of confidence, and a rattling good all-rounder. Mitchell, of Derbyshire, who takes his place, is a pretty useful leg-break bowler—he bowled very well in that miserable Test Trial at Cardiff—but he is no sort of substitute for the lively and versatile Robins.

PERHAPS this sounds like pessimism, though, as it happens, I believe the M.C.C. team may very well bring back the Ashes with them. To begin with, the Australians are not as strong as they have been. They have three great batsmen, it is true—Woodfull, Bradman, and Kippax—who are possibly a shade better than any three we can produce, but when that is said and done, what have we to fear?

THE English batting is exceptionally powerful, especially now that F. R. Brown has found his form, and there is no reason to suppose that we shall give away anything in fielding or bowling. As a matter of fact, the Australian attack seems likely to be unusually weak. They have Grimmett, of course, but Grimmett is not supernatural, and these wonderful stories of the new ball which he is reported to have perfected for our discomfiture, a fearsome ball which hangs and swings and checks and does everything outside the laws of Nature, these stories strike me as precious nonsense. Grimmett is a clever spin-bowler, but quick-footed aggressive batsmen will put him in his proper place.

THE Australians apparently have no fast bowlers of outstanding quality, and it remains to be seen whether young Fleetwood-Smith, the left-hand googly merchant, is anything more than a novelty. As I write, it is rumoured that Bowes, the Yorkshire bowler, will also make the trip to Australia. If he does go we shall have three fast bowlers in the team and shall, consequently, be better off in this department than is usually the case.

Yorkshire Win!

The County Championship was won by Yorkshire, their final match with Sussex, runners-up, being robbed of some interest by the latter county only being able to put a team into the field weakened by accident and illness. But, nevertheless, Yorkshire were worthy winners. Above shows Verity (Yorkshire) turning a ball from R. S. G. Scott to leg

An Opening Pair

Leyland and Sutcliffe, who may be our opening Test Match pair in Australia, going out to bat for Yorkshire v. Sussex, at Hove. Sutcliffe in this match made a century in the second innings, and for the third year in his career totalled 3000 runs. His county average was 87·46

THERE is no doubt that England should make packets of runs, especially if Jardine impresses upon his men the fact that they must play their natural game. We have Jardine himself, Sutcliffe and Pataudi to give solidity to the batting, and attacking players like Hammond, Ames, and Brown must, at all costs, be left to their own devices.

It would be a tragedy if Hammond, for example, were to discard his attacking strokes, as he sometimes does, for even time-limitless Test Matches are won by the side which makes the most runs, and we may be certain that the Australians will punish any loose bowling with proper severity.

A GREAT deal, therefore, depends on Jardine and the way he handles his team and fosters the right spirit among his men. I think myself that he will prove to be a real success, despite all the nonsense that has been talked about him. He will be downright and uncompromising, two admirable qualities, particularly in Australia; he will fight to the bitter end, and I have an idea that he will turn out to be a most popular captain. Everyone will wish him the best of luck, and it is some small consolation to know that the dark days of winter will be enlivened by the rush for despatches from the Australian battle-front.

Links with

Two Stalwarts of Camberley

Miss Molly Gourlay and Raymond Oppenheimer

THERE is no question about it that Camberley Heath should be approached in a tank, or at least an armoured car, or some other unit of our mechanised forces; and this not merely because of the stiff little hill which must be negotiated before the club-house is reached after leaving the main Portsmouth road, but largely to be in keeping with the spirit of the place. The proximity of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, with its hundreds of cadets advancing by short rushes both at Barossa and on the links, has something to do with this military atmosphere, but it is confirmed in the rank by the half-mile or so which that awe-inspiring institution, the Staff College, is situated even nearer to the clubhouse. The cadets have to p.s.c. for Camberley Heath.

Once within the club-house, however, this military atmosphere mercifully disappears. You do not treat the steward as an orderly, nor do you spring smartly to attention whilst being told a good story by the secretary. Your fellow-members are just fellow-members, and not somebody who either salutes you or is saluted by you every morning on first parade; and there is nobody about who can condemn you to Breakfast Roll Call every day for the next week. You can be as rude as you like about your neighbour's golf and risk nothing worse by way of retaliation than a good-naturedly administered thick ear, unlike the possibilities of decelerated promotion apt to occur should you dare to criticise your Colonel's tactics in a loud voice in the mess. When the Captain of the Club comes in, there is no need to stand up, and unless ladies are present you can keep your cap upon your head. In short, a veritable paradise for the demobilised temporary soldier who has always harboured subdued bolsheviki tendencies.

CAMBERLEY HEATH has long boasted of an undulating golf course. There is a great deal of dead ground where your passes at the ball will remain for ever your own shame, and not a subject for derision by your fellows which it is necessary to explain away by some story of the nature of a filthy lie. Sometimes, on courses which are in this manner somewhat solitary, this fact is reflected in the character of the members and the atmosphere of the club, and a brooding reticence, leading too often to arrogant exclusiveness, results. Not so at Camberley Heath; perhaps it is the vocal training, undergone by all little brevets on the barrack square at springtime, which enables them, when full majors and colonels, to call to each other from crest to valley demanding an accounting of the strokes so far played in order that a proper appreciation of the situation may be made. Perhaps it is because of the Generals and Admirals match, annually played on the course, in which the Prince of Wales, with a fine impartiality, turns his coat at lunch-time and is a member of the other side for the rest of the day. Perhaps it is merely the tactical, as opposed to the strategical, possibilities of the valleys and the crests.

The club-house, a fine building, with windows everywhere, so that even the most junior gentleman cadet cannot be taken unawares, stands alone on the highest crest, surveying perspiring generals with a calm but friendly disdain which is to be found in field-marshals on field-days, or the Navy visiting Army Manœuvres. It is a grand place to get to at the end of the day, when the battles are over and the "talk" is about to commence. It has a very good canteen indeed, and the visiting golfer is very often more struck by this than by a General member, whom he may not recognise as such unless the latter has commanded a district in India. And it has an inestimable advantage in that the wine bills are not scrutinised.

I WONDER if that club-house ever longs for a tank of its own, something to send out and flatten the undulations out a bit, something to make the golf just a trifle less tiring. Camberley Heath is by no means too long or too short, and certainly is not more up and down hill than many other courses. But that is not to say that there are not quite enough hills to surmount and valleys to negotiate. Camberley Heath is so good that it is a pity that the tanks couldn't be let out to graze on it for just one day so as to make it so much better.

There you have the obvious facial characteristics of Camberley Heath. To get below the surface—to prick the skin—is to find myself with a very much harder task. The painter is not said to have succeeded when he has merely sketched on his canvas the outlines of a profile—he must also sketch something of the personality and find all the expression that the subject may possess to offer: that is my self-imposed task in these articles, to probe below the surface of the mere face, to find the reason for that disfiguring frown or that pleasant, inviting smile.

I THINK Camberley Heath is smiling quietly; not grinning by any means, but not frowning either. The visitor to Camberley Heath is quite well received and pleasantly greeted. Mark you, there is none of that effusiveness noticed

Those Fighting Forces

A landscape showing the hilly slopes of Camberley during the yearly battle between the Lords High Almighty of the Royal Navy and the Army

Character : Intimate Impressions of Famous Golf Clubs

By
Gerard Fairlie

No. 6
Camberley Heath

Pictured by
H. H. Harris

The Word of Command

Even the caddies become military when advancing towards a flag, which really ought to be a Union Jack

chiefly at the club which wants the green fee of the casual visitor more than it can say, and therefore says so; but there is none of the grandiose disdain of my lord of St. George's, either. Here again Camberley Heath is military.

IF you go into a military mess, you will find that you will be very well received. You will be offered the amenities of the place, which are ninety-nine per cent. liquid and one per cent. chair, and you will have polite conversation oozed at you until the amenities begin to work. Then you are all just boys together, in spite of your regrettable inability to claim any scarlet facings or battle honours.

Fighting their Battles Again

Coming to "grips" in the "mess"

WELL, Camberley Heath is perfectly ready to accept you if you want to play golf. You can go and play at Camberley Heath and you will receive all the amenities that the place has to offer, but you will feel just a vague suspicion that you are being scrutinised all the time. You are just conscious that you are on probation, in spite of the kindnesses which on every side you feel everyone is ready to offer you. But, though you have entered, you have not yet passed the promotion examination.

I SUPPOSE all that is a very good thing. You are not, in fact, left merely with the feeling that you have drawn a cheque when you are elected to the club: you have the definite sensation that you have achieved something, and the secretary's letter notifying you of your election seems to be something like a commission. All parchment and red tape.

There are other members of Camberley Heath, of course, as well as those who are taking an active part in preparing for war. There are many civilians who enjoy membership none the less because of the number of military members. And the club is certainly not backward in organising open competitions of various sorts which bring the name of Camberley Heath into the Press. I have already mentioned the yearly encounter between the Lords High Almighty of the Royal Navy and the Army, and, as well, the Camberley Club runs an open foursomes competition which is played for by pairs from the leading public schools golfing societies.

THE club also has many matches during the year, and included in the fixtures are matches with both Oxford and Cambridge Universities. A side capable of extending most other club sides can be produced when the occasion warrants it—a side not composed, perhaps, of great names, but composed most emphatically of good players, many of whom are military. There are some quite good golfers in the Army, in spite of the Army Championship.

CAMBERLEY HEATH is played on a good deal. There is a feeling among the jealous civilians that the soldiery are allowed out of their barracks very shortly after the midday siren has trumpeted its news, Scottish regiments waiting until after the free lunch. Whether there is any truth in this I cannot say, for my soldiering days were short, and a long time ago, and I have conveniently forgotten: but the fact remains that, most afternoons, a few soldierly plus fours can be seen ambling at the regulation speed (that of the slowest player) along the various fairways. Camberley Heath is used, and usage makes lies and good condition.

BUT I confess that I should like to see a tank or two let loose for a gambol on the undulating course, just to level it a little, and to make the good into the excellent. G. F.

The Long and the Short of It

Military gentlemen at Camberley find that they can either play short—or long

The Latest Civil Aircraft

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Mr. John Stark, who is a builder, has had his Moth fitted to carry a complete set of tools for emergency commissions. The Blue Bird's Nest at Allhallows-on-Sea, an aerodrome on the south bank of the Thames opposite Southend, is Mr. Stark's headquarters, where an informal rally is being held next week-end to which all pilots are welcomed

Aeroplanes for Business

THE usefulness of an aeroplane to a business firm, even if it has to employ a pilot to fly it and keep everything in order, is enormous. Orders are often booked by the first man on the scene, and the publicity value of arriving by air is still a factor to be considered. When every firm of importance uses aircraft as cars are used, to-day, trade rivalry will demand increased speed. Shell Mex and B.P. own several machines, of which the Company's Puss Moth has been engaged on several extensive tours lately. Captain Taylor took it to Ireland for a survey of landing-grounds, on which he was accompanied by the Managing Director of the Irish Company, and Colonel Russell, late of the Free State Air Force. Air taxis have been in great demand this summer, and as an example of efficient service I saw in the log at Heston Airport that one of Hillman's machines left for Waterford, in Ireland, at 7.30 one morning, arriving back at 6 in the evening. The passenger was an assessor engaged on a survey of a large country house which had been on fire.

The Spartan Cruiser

A MACHINE with a carrying capacity of six to eight people, giving also maximum safety with three engines, has been wanted for some time, and the Spartan Company has modified its mail-plane to meet these conditions. Henlys of Heston, the concessionaires for this country, organised a display last week, at which the Cruiser and other Spartan products were available for trial flights. It was an excellent idea to get possible buyers into the air immediately after a good lunch, for they were able to appreciate the comfort and stability of the machines under the best possible circumstances. The Cruiser has a top speed of 135 miles an hour, and definitely carries 1000 lbs. of useful load with full tanks giving a range of six hours. Squadron-Leader Scott carried out the dead-weight tests, and Lieut.-Colonel Louis Strange piloted the machine with passengers, showing its capabilities on any two engines, and the ease with which it could be controlled. The new three-seater was also on show, with several previous models, in order that improvements could be noted more readily. It has been designed for carrying passengers on short flights, but dual control is fitted, so the machine should be ideal for clubs which rely on "joy-riding" to augment their coffers. It is to be sold at £875, and is very definitely worth more, considering its earning capacity and low running costs. Mr. John Lord is Managing Director of Spartan Aircraft, with Sir Alliott Verdon-Roe, Lieut.-Colonel Strange, and Captain H. H. Balfour, M.C., M.P., amongst others, as members of the Board. The Company is therefore under the same direction as Saunders-Roe, builders of the amphibian, "Cloud," which has been ordered in quantity by the R.A.F. for flying-boat training.

A Vickers "Viastra" mail-plane, as used by West Australian Airways for their service from Perth to Adelaide. This type cruises at 120 miles, an hour and provides comfortable room for ten or more passengers, with mails and luggage

At Brooklands

FLYING activity around the track has been on the increase for some months, and totals of nearly 100 hours a week are being recorded. Sir Robert Clayton has completed night flying tests for his "B" licence; Mr. Trowbridge Heaton has commenced a course of "blind flying"; and Mr. Gadgil, a pupil from India, has finished an instructor's course. The Press Aero Club, whose headquarters are at Brooklands, has been very much alive during August, and there is much competition between members of the big papers for amateur records. The arrangements for instruction on the Autogiro are proving popular. One of the boys employed by the Commercial Cable Company made his solo on this type after seven hours' instruction, and, considering that he had not flown any other machine, the fact that he is now a licensed pilot for the "Windmill" is proof that, as a type, there are no real difficulties in mastering its technique.

Around the Aerodromes

WITH the object of interesting people in Essex in a first-class airport for the county, Mr. Hillman is organising a display at Romford on Sept. 24. The Lord Mayor of London is attending in an official capacity, and the programme includes all the well-known events, with a race to Clacton and back as a special feature. Mr. Hillman, who took his ticket and put in a good deal of flying in all weathers before starting his commercial activities with one Puss Moth, now has eight machines engaged regularly on taxi work and on the daily service to Clacton. The aerodrome at Gravesend opened last week, will be a "hopping-off" place for North-East Europe and, in fact, K.L.M. and Lufthansa propose to use it as an emergency landing-ground on their routes to Holland and Germany. At present nothing exists except the landing-ground, a wind-indicator, and facilities for reaching London, either by road or water-taxi, but buildings are planned, and the site itself should prove a very useful addition to the circle of aerodromes which is gradually surrounding the city. By road, it takes about fifty minutes to reach the aerodrome through average day traffic, via the Watling Street route to Rochester, turning to the left at Thong Road.

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SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

ALTHOUGH we are rather in the doldrums at the moment, since September sees the change from summer to winter games, one or two odd things have been happening. I hardly expected, for instance, that J. C. Morley, who captained Newport at Rugby football last year, and has played fifteen times for Wales, would go over to the Northern Union and become a professional. A pity, for Morley was a great little player, possibly the best of present-day wing three-quarters, and I 'm afraid we shall hear of other Northern Union captures in South Wales. We can't wonder at it, for unemployment is terribly prevalent in that part of the country, and the Northern Union representatives are persistent and clever. They work hard in South Wales, and are often successful with married men, for they approach the wives surreptitiously with glittering offers, and leave them to do the rest.

Gentlemen v. Players, at Folkestone

Woolley (Players' Captain), Lord Tennyson, and the Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe going out to inspect the wicket and appearing very amused with their task

Helen Jacobs, Champion

AS a matter of fact, I believe those Welshmen who turn professional do pretty well for themselves, since they are usually found quite decent jobs. I have nothing against the Northern Union, in fact, but it is a tragedy that so great a game as Rugby football should be thus exploited. Incidentally, now that Mr. W. J. Pearce has retired from the presidency of the Rugby Union, we shall sorely miss his impassioned speeches about the spirit of Rugby football. Some of us heard them time after time at various club dinners, but, familiar though his theme became, his intense sincerity was always refreshing. I suppose we shall listen to Mr. Adrian Stoop, the new R.U. President, on many occasions during the next few months, though, unfortunately, he has not Mr. Pearce's natural gifts for oratory.

I HEAR, by the way, that an enterprising film company propose to take a stunt picture of Rugby football, and I am rather wondering what the Rugby Union will think about it. The game is popular enough already, without further unsolicited publicity, and it is quite on the cards that the authorities will suggest to the players concerned that they had better give up their Hollywood ambitions.

Above: The Hon. Brenda Pearson, astride a pony, crossing the moorland stream at Birse Castle, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire

ANOTHER football player who is in the limelight just now is Alex Jackson, late of Chelsea, and now representing a league club in the North. He is said to be taking a percentage of the gate-money—I have it on good authority that 10 per cent. is the figure—and most people seem to think that Jackson achieved something of a financial triumph in securing this contract. As a matter of fact, he was merely making the most of his luck, for Chelsea at the end of last season did not sign him on again, and the offer from the North was very opportune. Jackson has his peculiarities, among them a disinclination to train seriously, and nowadays he is, I should imagine, more interested in the business of running his public-house in London than in playing football.

Right: The Hon. John Hare, one of the guests of the Hon. John Pearson at Birse Castle

WHILE we are discussing the Association game, surely it is time that the date for the opening of the season was put back a month or so. It really is absurd to start any kind of football in August, and this year we had the usual wailings from managers about

Left: Helen Jacobs, on the right, shaking hands with Carolyn Babcock after defeating her at Forest Hills in the final for the National Women's Championship

broken bones and strained muscles. I know gate-receipts have to be considered, but it seems to me pure folly to risk losing your star players, who draw the crowds, simply for the sake of squeezing an extra Saturday or two into an already overcrowded season.

BUT then, most modern sport is organised to a pitch of absurdity—this is the bee in my bonnet, and I had better keep off the subject before I become libellous, blasphemous, or both together. I might say something I should regret about the Boys' Golf Championship, for instance, an event which, to my mind, is written up in the most preposterous manner. Annually the story of the winner's home-coming, when he is met by the town band and publicly welcomed by the mayor, drives me to the verge of apoplexy.

I SHALL reflect for preference upon the pleasant fact that I missed the heat-wave in London, and enjoyed some of the yacht-racing season in the West of England instead. I was at Paignton when the big ships lay becalmed in picturesque Torbay, and at Dartmouth a week later for the most delightful of all regattas. There is no river entrance in the world more beautiful than the entrance to the little river Dart, and no sight more entrancing than the movement of the racing fleet towards the open sea. As usual, the church bells rang, and the swans accompanied us as a launch towed us out into the Channel, where we found only the lightest of south-westerly breezes. A poor day for racing, but it did at least enable Captain Mountfield to prove that White Heather could still win at Dartmouth, Bermudian rig and all.

I ALSO tried my hand at bass-fishing up at Dittisham, but without any luck at all. Apparently the bass are scarce this year, and it is possible that they have been disturbed by the number of boats which are lying up in the harbour just now. I had a cut at the small Avon trout above Loddiswell, but the brilliant sunshine was too much for me, and eventually I had to fall back upon the innumerable rudd and pike in Slapton Ley.

A PLEASANT holiday, in fact; but, to return to business, it seems likely that Jeff Dickson will induce both Kid Chocolate and Tommy Paul to fight at the Albert Hall on September 25th. Paul is to meet Nel Tarleton, and though the B.B.B.C. consider that Tarleton has forfeited his British title by refusing to take on Seaman Watson, there is no doubt that his fight with Paul will be recognised as a contest for the world's feather-weight championship. Tarleton is the best man we have at the weight, and he must certainly be given his chance against the American champion.

Doing Her Duty

Mrs. Vernon Holt's Sarah retrieving a grouse at Mr. F. Grotrian's shoot at Bingley Moor, near Ilkley

Young Amateurs at the Oval

R. Ames (Uppingham and Essex) loses his off-stump to K. L. T. Jackson (Rugby). It may be observed, incidentally, that Ames was played for his bowling

Bonny, Bonny Heather"

ALL SORTS of rumours are current concerning Larry Gains's next opponent. George Cook is anxious to take him on, and it is said that the veteran Tom Heeney is coming over here to challenge him for the Empire heavy-weight championship. I doubt whether either of these fights will materialise, for Gains has his eye on the big money, and will probably take a chance in America before long. Certainly there are no heavy-weights on this side of the Atlantic who could really extend him.

Letters of a Lady Golfer:

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

I SEEM to have spent the last few days listening to ecstasies over the delights of the Swedish Tour. I passed on some of these to you last week, and my postscript told you that Miss Molly Gourlay had won the Championship. Details of how she did it have come along now and show that she had to fight pretty hard for her title once the first round was over. That she won by eight and seven, against Fru Wahlen. But, after that, Miss Julia Hill put up a most noble fight, and so did Mrs. Alec Gold, both of them taking the Champion-

The Women's Golf Championship in Sweden

Top picture. L. to R.: The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden chatting with the two finalists, Miss Molly Gourlay and Miss Jean Hamilton at Bästad. Above. L. to R.: Some of the competitors in the Championship: Mrs. Gold, Miss Gourlay, Miss Chambers, Miss Bastin, Miss Timberg, Miss Hill, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Holm, and Miss McCulloch

to-be to the 17th green. As for Miss Jean Hamilton, she quite refused to be frightened in the final by the top player of her own county team, turned two up, and after losing three holes in a row, played the 18th perfectly, and so was able to lunch all square. The golf seems to have been really high class, quite suitable to offer as a spectacle to the Swedish Royal family, four of whom honoured the event by coming to watch. Of course, the Crown Prince is a keen golfer himself, and he had been deeply interested in the semi-finals the day before, so that he could really appreciate what good golf they were playing. Miss Gourlay and all the other British players were presented to him after the match and enjoyed that honour just as much as they enjoyed all the other delights of the tour.

EVEN then it was not all over. They travelled on to Falsterbö, to play a match against the men, and, with six strokes added on to their handicap, managed to beat them five and three. All of them are still busy saying how kind the Swedish people were, what a magnificent course Falsterbö is (very like Deal), and that never had they been so utterly spoilt. Sweden's best lady, Fru Bauer, and her sister, Fröken Edstrand, are coming over to our Autumn Foursomes, and it will be extraordinarily interesting to see how they fare at Ranelagh. All one fears is that we cannot possibly live up to the standard of hospitality which Sweden has set so high.

ENTRIES for those Autumn Foursomes, by the way, close on Sept. 15, so, for pity's sake, remind anybody you come across who hasn't already entered for them. I keep on getting most interesting couples. Such, for instance, are Miss Diana Fishwick, and Miss Diana Esmond, who will show what ex-girl champions can do; Miss Joyce Wethered and Miss Doris Chambers; Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Fowle; and a delightful French contingent.

TALKING of the Girls' Championship reminds me that my respected colleague, Mr. Fairlie, made a most bitter attack on the Boys' Championship a fortnight ago. BYSTANDER, dear, do you expect me to do likewise about the Girls'? Frankly, I refuse. We are such a happy little family party at Stoke Poges; nobody loses their temper or weeps, or does any of those foolish things which are sometimes laid at their door, and for real good sportsmanship, taking a beating cheerfully and a win as if it really did not signify all that much, commend me to a Girls' Championship. Honestly, the girls do play the game, and, possibly, if only the boys would do the same, Mr. Fairlie would not have a word to say against them.

Perhaps when you come to read what he says more closely, it is not the boys, but their parents, against whom he makes out a case. Dare I say that that's a little matter over which he has my complete sympathy? Long have I cherished the opinion that all golfers would be better orphaned. It sounds a drastic thing to say; let me hastily add that I have a high regard for many of the parents and chaperones who come to Stoke, though perhaps our giving of prizes to chaperones might be construed that we think them better out of the way when their respective dear little darlings are meeting each other in mortal combat. In my humble opinion—and I have a notion you agree with me—the trouble is that the parents lose their sense of proportion much more than those little darlings, and make far too much of whether a match is lost or won.

THIS seems to be turning into a Moral Treatise to Parents of Young Golfers. But, at the risk of offending them all, let me say to you that if the parents will take golf as a game, see to it that it is only one of a whole collection of interests, and not a thing to be worked at to the exclusion of everything else, then a Girls' Championship need turn nobody's head, but can just remain, as it has been for many a long day, a delightful few days' holiday for which nobody is one penny the worse.

EXCITEMENT at Ranelagh will not finish with our Foursomes, for on the 20th there will be the third Annual Golf Meeting, in which members of the club can nominate the lady, or ladies, of their choice, to compete. There is the Barn Elme Challenge Cup, held at the moment by Miss E. A. B. Parnall, whose mother, by the way, won the Veteran Championship over the same course four years ago. Don't the racing fraternity talk about courses for horses (or is it horses for courses?), and does the same thing apply to courses for golfing families? That is a problem quite beyond me, and all I can say is that the Meeting on the 20th ought to be thoroughly delightful, particularly—says she, feelingly—the eighteen-hole bogey competition in the afternoon. Has anybody ever done a morning round at Ranelagh when they would not have given a good deal to go out again in the afternoon? The lost opportunity never comes again in the International Spring Meeting, but here it is all to be had for the asking. So that if the Barn Elme Challenge Cup is not yours, the Bogey competition may offer consolation within a few hours, and there is a putting competition for which entries will be taken on the day. Otherwise, entries must reach the Golf Secretary at Ranelagh by Monday, October 17.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Chic, Personality, Impeccable fit—our new Couture Department is the answer to your prayers. It will give you all the advantages of a great French dress-house—but at less than quarter the cost! We have created a special suite for it in delicious Picasso blues and greys. Seat yourself in a deep arm-chair, and all that is newest and most thrilling in the world of clothes will be paraded before you. Choose what you will—Nicoll's clever cutters are ready to make you a cunning copy. Our first collection has been designed by that brilliant young artist, Charles James. Come and be fascinated. A card will bring you an invitation for our opening party on September 14th. Here are just three examples of the adorable clothes you will see: **The Dress** shows a completely new neckline that you pin and drape to your fancy and an immensely clever sash. To your measure, 11 gns. **The Coat** has a panel back and front and fastens at the right side in the ultra-modern manner. To your measure 10½ gns. **The Suit** is incredibly slimming, with a new version of the wide shoulder. To your measure 13½ gns.

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A New Car Every Year

Is It a Paying Proposition?

By The Earl of Cardigan

Sir William Morris, seen on the right, explaining the details of his new 16-h.p. 1933 Wolseley, at the Wolseley Works, Birmingham, to some of his seven hundred guests

ONE of the oldest arguments among motorists must surely be that concerning the advantage, or otherwise, of buying a new car every year. The question is still being debated as hotly as ever, some claiming that it is economical, in the long run, to sell a car as soon as it has completed one year's service, while others maintain that this is sheer extravagance, indulged in by those who are too lazy to tackle the minor inconvenience of an annual overhaul.

I must confess that my own sympathies are apt to turn against the "new-car-every-year" brigade, when its advocates take their stand on the ground of "economy." There are, I willingly admit, a great many advantages to be gained by the regular exchange of a year-old model for a new one, but I have never been able to see how economy, in the ordinary sense of the word, can be among them.

WHAT are the real advantages of this scheme? The chief, as I see it, is that it protects the car-owner, to a very large extent, against all forms of mechanical failure. There are, of course, cases where a car begins giving trouble within the first few months of its life, but these are, nowadays, extremely rare, and could usually be traced, if the truth were known, to carelessness on the part of some person during the period of "running in," or to improper or insufficient lubrication.

Generally speaking, a 1932 car, if it is carefully "run in" and given the correct routine attention in the matter of oiling and greasing, should run for at least twelve months without giving any trouble whatsoever. Towards the end of this period it will begin to lose a little of its efficiency, owing to the accumulation of carbon, and other causes, but, even so, the deterioration should not be very marked.

Even tyre trouble should be almost unknown during this period, for one may reasonably expect to run 10,000 miles or so on a set of modern tyres before the occurrence of that depressing series of punctures which gives notice of the need for renewals. The screen-wiper may misbehave, a lamp bulb may fail, and a few elusive rattles will no doubt develop, but this should represent the extent of a first year's "wear and tear."

WHAT replacements, however, are required to ensure a second year of reasonably efficient running? Four new tyres are advisable (one of the old ones will do very well as a "spare"). Then the engine must be decarbonised, the oil changed, and the valves, plugs, etc., adjusted. Very little else should be needed.

If the car is to run a third year, an additional item will probably be the re-lining of brakes. If a fourth year's work is required, it will be worth while to replace the battery. I am assuming that the car is being intelligently driven, and was of reliable make in the first instance.

As time goes on, there will naturally be a number of minor troubles, which I will not attempt to classify, but many of these can be dealt with at home by the owner who is prepared to spend half an hour in his garage now and then. For instance, a number plate will work loose, or a piece of wiring wear through its insulation, but there is no need to call in an expert in order to make a passable repair. These trifles are only annoying when one happens to be in a hurry.

In the end, of course, a time will come when expensive renewals are inevitable and can no longer be deferred. This, I believe, is the "economic" moment at which the car should be sold and a new one bought. True, the second-hand value of the old car is no longer very high, but the owner may take comfort in the thought that its depreciation was actually greatest in its first year, and that the subsequent years of use have affected its first market price to a much smaller extent.

This is quite unreasonable, but it happens to be the case. If I buy a new car and drive it for a month, I may leave it in slightly better condition, but its value will have dropped by perhaps £100. If I buy an old car and drive it for a year, I may easily reduce it from moderate to very poor condition, yet its value may have declined during this period by only £50.

It is for this reason that I regard the purchase of a new car every year as an agreeable, but not a strictly economical, practice. Let us assume—and I think that the figures are not unreasonable—that a car of moderate price depreciates £120 in the first year, £80 in the second year, and £50 in the third year. Let us also assume that we spend nothing on it during the first year, but £25 per annum subsequently. In this case the car, during three years, will have cost us £300, i.e., £250 in depreciation and £50 in renewals and overhauls.

IF, during this period, we had sold and bought again each year, the cost would have been £360, i.e., £120 per annum in depreciation and nothing in renewals or overhauls. It is unsatisfactory, I know, to prove a case of this sort with imaginary figures, but a similar result can be obtained by taking the prices quoted for second-hand cars in any of the motoring journals. The big drop in value which takes place during the first year, and the smaller drop which occurs in each subsequent year, will provide figures which are bound to work out to the same conclusion.

Not for the world, however, would I discourage those who genuinely prefer to exchange their car each year. If they desire from motoring the maximum of efficiency with the minimum of trouble, then I think they are well advised to adopt this system. No one, indeed, can deny the convenience of it; in addition to which, it serves a useful purpose in stimulating the sale of new cars and in supplying the market with second-hand models in excellent condition.

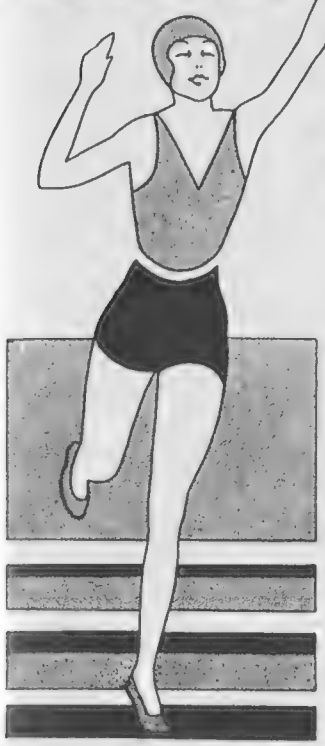
By Stan Terry

"I wonder who owned the car before I bought it"

"Why?"

"Whenever it comes to a dark place on a lonely road, the engine stops"

HEALTH—



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Reviewing this book, "New Health", the official organ of the New Health Society founded by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, says, "This booklet . . is one of the most satisfactory that the reviewer has read on this topic".

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COURT DRESSMAKERS AND TAILORS

For the Early Autumn

Dressmaking & TAILORING

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MADE TO ORDER UNTIL . . . SEPT. 10 SPECIAL PRICES

WITH the object of keeping the staff of ladies' *Tailors* and *Court Dressmakers* employed at this period of the year, special prices will be offered to ladies placing their orders before September 10.

THE sign of good tailoring is not only in the style, *but in the keeping of the* shape *and* line *during, and after, long wear. The secret of good tailoring is in the actual making — in the workmanship itself.*

EARLY AUTUMN MODELS GOWNS, COATS AND SUITS from 8 1/2 *gns.*

Afternoon Gown

Afternoon gown, copy of a Mainbocher model, in a good reversible satin, bodice becoming to both large and small figures, belt finished handsome diamante clasp.

To order up to 48 size. 10 1/2 *gns.*

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Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

ONE of the most important of all open events up to the present organised since the beginning of greyhound racing is to be decided very shortly. The Greyhound Derby is, of course, the great classic race for greyhounds since, six years ago, they were first sent from a trap after an electrically propelled hare, and the entry for this event has always included every dog of real class in the country. But, whereas White City enthusiasts have loyally backed their own dogs to beat the others, yet the interest has chiefly been in the dogs themselves, rather than in any loyalty to locality. Now there is to be this British Greyhound Championship, and the conditions of this event will encourage not merely an interest in the individual dogs themselves, but also a certain feeling of interest in the "home" dog concerned.

BRIEFLY, the conditions are these: the event is open to all dogs racing on the tracks licensed by the National Greyhound Racing Club, and the licensed tracks of Ireland. Great Britain and Ireland have been divided into six areas, and the winners of the eliminating contests, which are to be held by each licensed track, will compete in an Area Championship. The winners of these Area Championships, dogs which will undoubtedly have earned the right to be called champions of their district, will meet for the Final at the White City on October 15 next. None of my readers will disagree with me, I feel sure, when I say that the dog which survives the eliminating contest, the Area Championship, and is successful in the Final at the White City, will have well and truly earned the proud title of "British Champion Greyhound."

ANOTHER excellent feature of this event is that there is no prohibitive entry fee which might scare away the uncertain owner anxious to give his doubtful dog at any rate a sporting chance to prove itself. The promoters have fixed the entrance fee as low as £2, and so the valuable cup which is at stake (and the £250 prize money which has been added by the G.R.A.) is within reach of each and every owner if he or she possesses a dog good enough to win.

An Identification

Peg Along, a greyhound at the Burhill Kennels, being checked up on arrival. All greyhounds there, on arrival, are compared with their records and identification cards by the veterinary surgeon in charge

THE details of the eliminating races are as follows: each individual track championship has to be decided by October 1, and the champion dog of each track will compete in an Area Championship, under the management of the designated track, on October 10. The licensed tracks and the areas in which they are grouped are:

(*a*) SCOTTISH AREA, including all licensed tracks in Scotland. Area Final to be held at the White City, Glasgow. 525 yards.

(*b*) NORTHERN AREA, including the following licensed tracks—Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sheffield (Owlerton), Sheffield (Darnall), Hull, Middlesborough, Burnley, Doncaster, Salford, Manchester (White City), Manchester (Belle Vue), Liverpool (Breck Park), Preston, Warrington, Leeds (Elland Road), Bradford (Dudley Hill). Semi-finals and Area Final to be run at Manchester (Belle Vue). 500 yards.

(*c*) MIDLAND AREA. Birmingham (Perry Barr), Birmingham (King's Heath), Birmingham (Hall Green), Coventry, Wolverhampton, Reading, Leicester, Long Eaton, Stoke-on-Trent (Albion). Semi-final and Area Final to be run at Birmingham (Hall Green). 500 yards.

(*d*) WESTERN AREA. Cardiff (Arms Park), Cardiff (Sloper Road), Bristol (Knowle), Bristol (Eastville), Caerphilly, Plymouth. Area Final to be run at Welsh White City, Sloper Road, Cardiff. 500 yards.

(*e*) SOUTHERN AREA. White City, Harringay, Clapton, Wimbledon, West Ham, Ramsgate, Wembley, Catford, Brighton, Slough, Portsmouth. Semi-final and Area Final to be run at Wembley. 525 yards.

(*f*) IRISH AREA. Belfast (Dunmore Park), Belfast (Celtic Park), Dublin (Shelbourne Park), Dublin (Harolds Cross Park), Clonmel (Clonmel Track), Tralee (Oaks Park), Cork (Cork Track), Dundalk, Galway, Bundoran. Area Final to be run at Clonmel Track. 525 yards.

(*g*) IRISH AREA. The Greyhound representing the Irish Area in the Final at the White City, London, must be registered with the National Greyhound Racing Club, and be in the kennels (of a Trainer holding a N.G.R.C. License) not later than seven days prior to the Final.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

"EVERY DAY AND IN EVERY WAY . . ."

YOUR SKIN WILL BE BETTER AND BETTER IF YOU FOLLOW THIS SIMPLE RÉGIME.

"THE survival of the fittest" is particularly applicable to beauty specialists who, whatever attractive advertising may do primarily, are ultimately dependent on the satisfaction of their clients and on recommendation.

I also feel that, especially in the matter of the general and daily care of the skin, experience is of the greatest importance. Experience, not only in the practice of their art and science, but also experience of the types of complexion most prevalent among the women of the country in which they practise.

AMONG the first of the serious and recognised modern English beauty specialists is Mrs. Hemming, the founder of the famous Cyclax establishment and the originator of the many excellent preparations which are sold under that name. To-day, the Cyclax treatments and specifics are more widely known and approved than ever before.

Herself possessed of a typically English fairness, she naturally concentrated on preparations and methods which preserved the fine texture and delicate colouring for which her countrywomen were famous throughout the world, and the provision of a nourishing skin food to prevent sensitive complexions from withering, drying, and ageing.

THE Cyclax treatments have been progressive, and to-day there are treatments and cosmetics for every type, but, *basically*, the treatments and preparations remain the same, because they have been *proved* to enhance the beauty of the skin and preserve its youth.

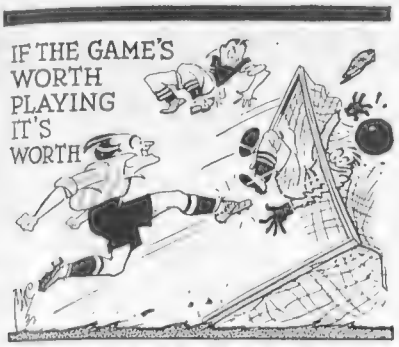
The daily routine is a simple and marvellously effective one. At night the complexion should be thoroughly cleansed with the complexion milk on pads of cotton-wool. (The dirt removed, not only from the surface, but also from the pores themselves, will at first surprise the uninitiated.) The skin food should then be gently applied with the fingertips, strictly in accordance with the special instructions. There are three "grades" of skin food: the "Bébé," for young or supersensitive skins, the "O," which is slightly stronger, and the ordinary skin food. They are among the only creams of their kind which brace and tone up, as well as feeding the tissues and benefiting the skin itself. On alternate nights, the use of complexion milk is recommended. This whitens and refines the skin. If the skin is fine and there is no tendency to open pores or sagging, this need not be used so frequently.

ONE of the most important features of the Cyclax treatment is the use, once or twice a week, of the "Special" Lotion. Painted on the face and left on all night, this brings all the impurities to the surface and, almost miraculously, clears and whitens the complexion. Skin food should be applied in the morning before the lotion is removed.

Every morning the face and neck should be thoroughly washed with warm water and the special Cyclax complexion soap: the fragrant lather is a treatment in itself and none of the ordinary objections to the use of soap hold good. A delicious sluice in water rendered mountain-stream cold by a teaspoonful of "Braccine," and the face feels and looks refreshed, cool, and lovely.

A protective lotion, which is beneficial as well as being a perfect base for powder, is the foundation of the daytime toilet. This is made up in a variety of shades, and to suit dry, medium, or oily skins.

THE Cyclax face powder and other cosmetics need no recommendation: they are pure and fulfil all the requirements of the fastidious modern woman.



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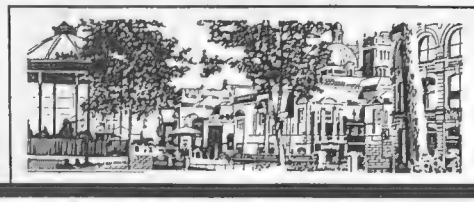

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Of Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers. 3/6, 7/- & 10/6
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How the average man and woman can develop and use the strange powers of Hypnotism, Suggestion and Telepathy to influence people in business and society, to correct character defects and curb bad habits, is described in the new book by Elmer E. Knowles, entitled: "*The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces*," ten thousand copies of which have been printed for free distribution.

The author declares that what is called Hypnotic Power is nothing but a scientific application of the laws of Suggestion, and that anyone can easily learn and apply these laws. Astounding results are reported by those who have tested the new System.

Mr. Arne Krogh writes: "Your work is full of deep Truths, so natural that I did not appreciate them till they were put before me. It is not new thoughts given me, but my own, my intelligence and forces awakened, brought in order so that I can have the best use of them."

Another report from Melle Odette Frey reads: "I cannot sufficiently praise and recommend your System to my friends. Furthermore, I can truthfully say that from the day I possessed your System, my ailments disappeared and my will-power increased."

Mr. Franz Worz describes his experiences as follows: "It is really unbelievable what powers one can obtain through the wonderful Knowles System. The results are so astounding that I cannot recommend it too highly."

It is desired to distribute the ten thousand free copies of "*The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces*" to men and women who are interested in the development of their dormant faculties and more especially those who wish to apply the powers of Suggestion and Hypnotism to useful and praiseworthy objects. In addition to supplying the book free, each person who writes at once will also receive a psycho-analysis character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles. If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles's book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own hand-writing:

"I want power of mind,
Force and strength in my look,
Please read my Character,
And send me your book."

Also send your full name and address plainly printed (state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss), and address your letter to: PSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, S. A. (Free Distribution Dept. 544-E.), No. 18, rue de Londres, Brussels, Belgium. If you wish you may enclose 4d. (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, etc. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your letter. Postage to Belgium is 2½d.

A Soft Answer: By Lady Kitty Ritson

I HAVE received a letter on the subject of an article, which I wrote the other day, entitled "Pot-Hunting," from a gentleman who may, I think, prefer to be nameless, as he signs himself, "Win Where You Can." I will refer to him tactfully as Mr. W., as that is his initial. This is the soft answer, which is reputed to turn away wrath, as Mr. W. is very irate with me.

Firstly, he accuses me of being disgruntled, and remarks acidly: "If Lady Kitty Ritson wants to win a first prize, she ought to insist that her local show has classes for dogs which have never been awarded a ribbon; then she MIGHT win a prize."

Tut, tut, Mr. W., what is the good of that to me? I can't take my champion to those shows! But, joking apart, he has missed the entire point of my article. I don't want any cheap advertisement, so I will neither mention my two dogs' names nor their breed. Suffice it to say, that the dog is a champion, bred and owned by myself, and that only three times in his life has he ever been "out of the money," and he has only been to Open and Ch. shows. The bitch is second-class, and has done quite well at Open and Ch. shows in the lower classes, and generally wins all her classes at small shows. Therefore I think that Mr. W. can rest assured that I am not disgruntled, and am speaking from the standpoint of the successful exhibitor.

He says: "Professional showers cannot afford to be squeamish. . . . They want advertisement or sales. There are the 'hay and corn stakes to be considered.'" That is precisely my point, and that is why I consider it to be very unsporting of those amateurs who do not need the money or the advertisement to run round to small shows with first-class horses or dogs. The remarks I heard not long ago at a local show, where a certain lady arrived with her Olympia winner, jumped her round, and then hurried off to another show, did not seem to indicate that the other exhibitors or the crowd, in Mr. W.'s own words, "do not care a damn about local third-raters if they can see a good one."

A fine head of a Bedlington terrier—Esperanza, owned by Mrs. Bartlett. These sporting little terriers are steadily increasing in popularity, especially in the North of England, where they are always well represented at the leading shows

MOST people enjoy seeing local dogs or horses winning, as I know quite well from my experience as a judge. There is always a round of applause if a local dog wins his class, or if a local farmer's horse does well in the jumping.

Mr. W. also remarks: "If professional showers can see £2 clear money, they must take it." I agree absolutely, so why should the amateur who is not showing for a living, but merely "pot-hunting," jump in and take the money, the credit, and the advertisement?

NO, no; Mr. W.! You have not made out a very good case for your "Pot-hunter," and the majority of my correspondents seem to agree with me. I should say nothing about any exhibitor who was showing for a living, running round to all the shows with his best exhibits. I merely object to the people like myself, who make their living at something else (or who have no need to make it), who take their champion stock and cheat the small exhibitor out of his prize.

Enough said.

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COMPETITIONS

"The Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(11th Year) Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1932

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(8th Year) Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, 1932

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTION: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 15th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 15th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reduction of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BRITANNIA AND EVE Foursomes final during 1931 or 1932, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, be put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists.*

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both Foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme of the change.*

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1932 — No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 15th.

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES—
Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th

ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES—
Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter
Mrs. }
Miss } ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Adrsss ..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. }
Miss } ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — SEPTEMBER

Name } *Mrs.* }
Miss } .....

Address .....

.....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

..... *of which I am a member.*

The safe school gargle-pack

DESTROYS EVEN BACILLUS TYPHOSUS AND OTHER HARMFUL GERMS

FLASKS 1/6 · 2/6 3/6 · 5/6

BRITISH MADE FOR BRITISH TEETH

Garland, B.

Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating in Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days.

The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. The years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows the value of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

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CORSETS are RELICS of a PAST AGE.

BEAUTIFORM has revolutionised the world of woman's comfort and superseded corsets. Women who study health, comfort, and beauty of figure.

NOTE THIS DRAMATIC CONTRAST.

BEAUTIFORM Garment versus Corset eliminates this unsightly bulging, by its sheer dexterity of Cut, Supports, Controls, Reduces, Uplifts abdominal muscles thereby giving perfect continuity of line.

NEW BREAST REDUCER

Controls
Uplifts
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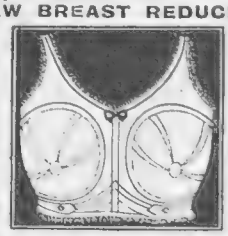

Reg. design

Strengthens the Breasts which thereby regain their normal balance and size.

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The Editor's Box

Thoughts on Heating

The approach of autumn makes our thoughts revert to methods of heating. By far the most economical for small rooms is the "Solesse" anthracite burner, one of Smith and Wellstood's famous "Esse" stoves, costing only fifty-five shillings. In a recent test it was found to consume the unbelievable minimum of five pounds of anthracite in twenty-four hours—the equivalent of a few pence a day. Every housewife will want one of the new "Kudos" house ranges the same firm have just created. The asbestos-lined body saves waste of heat and means a cooler kitchen. A handle, operating the revolving bottom grating, prevents dust dispersal. It costs fifteen guineas, a boiler costing fifty shillings extra, and can be obtained in many colours of unchippable enamel. The fuel burned is coalite, anthracite, or kitchen coal.

Table Salt

The pursuit of perfection is going on daily in industry throughout the world, and yet the proximity to success is very rarely realised because it is evidenced more often than not in commodities which have come to be taken, as a matter of course, without due appreciation of the degree of excellence they possess.

Table salt, an article of every-day use, whose presence on the table is assumed as much a matter of course as the table appointments themselves, is one of such commodities, and yet do we ever wonder what efforts are required to produce it?

The words "Cerebos" and "salt" are synonymous where table salt is concerned, and a visit to the works where Cerebos is manufactured would prove of absorbing interest. From the rock-salt bed, a thousand feet below the earth's surface, to the dainty cellar on the table, from solid to liquid, liquid to the finest possible crystals, purified, dried, sieved, weighed, packed, delivered, and poured from the tin and yet not once touched by human hand! A wonderful achievement!

That this is possible is due to the fact that there is in operation at these works a highly scientific plant, created after years of experience, research, and experiment, the whole object of which has been to evolve a process of manufacture which not only produces an article of unsurpassed quality, but overcomes an inherent difficulty in salt manufacturing—the hydroscopic properties of the salt itself.

That this has been achieved is evidenced by the fact that the table salt we use to-day is so obviously free from moisture; moreover, its dainty, attractive appearance, the ease with which it pours, and its ever-pleasing savour, all go to show that the skill and knowledge applied to its production have been far from wasted. The article itself is indeed a credit to British enterprise and British skill, and it is no extravagant claim to make that English table salt is the finest and purest in the world.

The Palace Hotel decorated tableau showing the various amenities of the Hotel, which was one of the features of the Torquay Carnival

Above: A group taken on the terrace of the Vichy Sporting Club, including Lady Marie Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, and Dr. Pettavel

Left: The opening of the International Home for Girl Scouts, called "Our Chalet," at Adelboden, in the presence of Lord and Lady Baden-Powell and Mrs. James Storrow, President of the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

BREAKFAST DISHES

HADDOCK BALLS
BAKED MACKEREL
EGG CUTLETS
SCRAMBLED FISH
SAVOURY OMELETTE

Haddock Balls

STEW some dried haddock in milk until the flesh comes easily away from the skin, pound it well, and mix with it one tablespoonful of breadcrumbs, a piece of butter, a little cayenne, and the yolk of an egg. Mix well, and form into small balls, roll each ball into the white of the egg, cover with breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat until a golden brown colour. Drain on paper and serve on small rounds of fried bread. Garnish with parsley.

Baked Mackerel

TWO small mackerel filleted. Cut each fillet in two pieces and put them in a fireproof dish that has been buttered. Dust with pepper and salt, and sprinkle with a little lemon-juice. Cover with buttered paper and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Serve plain, or with parsley sauce.

Egg Cutlets

CUT hard-boiled eggs into thick slices, dip them in egg and breadcrumbs which have been seasoned with pepper, salt, and a pinch of parsley. Have a little butter in the frying-pan, and let the eggs cook two minutes on one side, turn them on the other, and finish. When taken from the pan, lay them before the fire on white paper to absorb the grease. Serve a little thickened gravy round them.

Scrambled Fish

BEAT up three eggs, add one tablespoonful of cream or milk, season with pepper and salt. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a stewpan, and to this add 2 oz. or 3 oz. of flaked fish (any white fish free from skin and bone will do), fry for a few seconds, and then add the eggs. Stir well over the fire until the mixture thickens, and serve very hot, piled up on pieces of hot buttered toast.

Savoury Omelette

BEAT up three or four eggs with one dessertspoonful of parsley very finely minced; season with salt and pepper. Put 2 oz. of butter in the omelette-pan; as soon as it is melted, pour in the egg mixture. Stir it with a shallow spoon, and do not cease scooping it from the sides and bottom until it is getting set. Mix in the butter as you do so; it must never stick to the pan. It should be soft and not quite set when you slide it gently into a dish. Be careful not to leave it too long before you cease stirring, or the omelette will be as tough as leather.

Breakfast Rolls

RUB into 1 lb. of flour, 1 oz. of butter, two teaspoonsful of Borwick's Baking Powder, and a pinch of salt. Beat up an egg and mix with a little warm milk into a nice dough, but not too moist. Make into little rolls and bake in a quick oven. This quantity will make a dozen rolls. Brush over with yolk of an egg.

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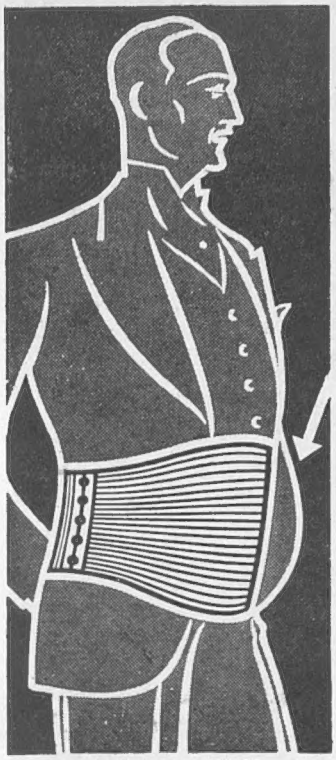
Ward off Middle Age!



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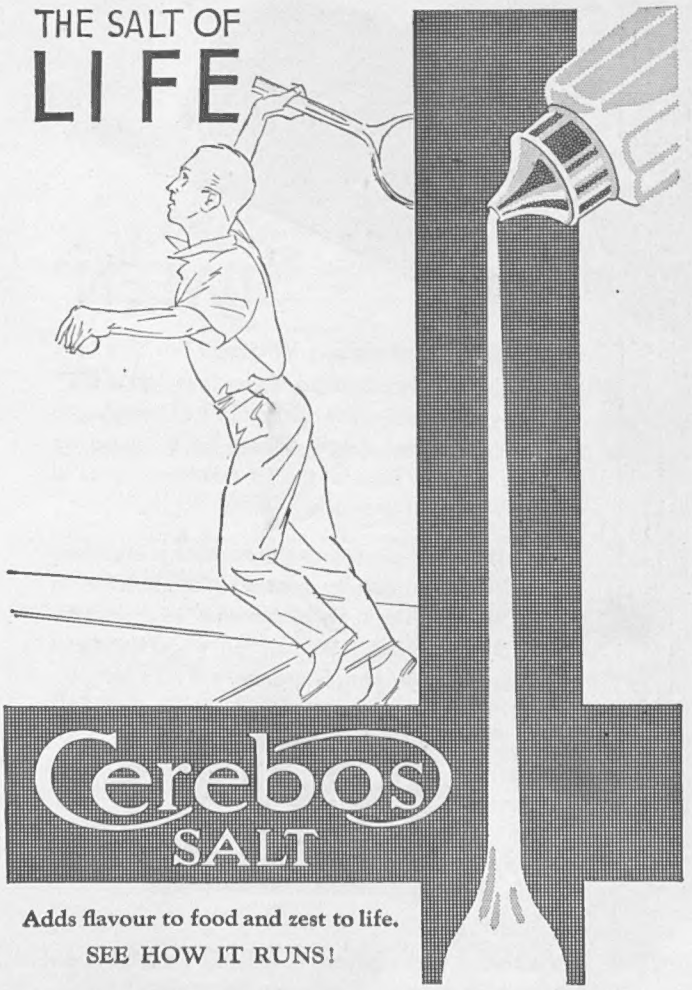

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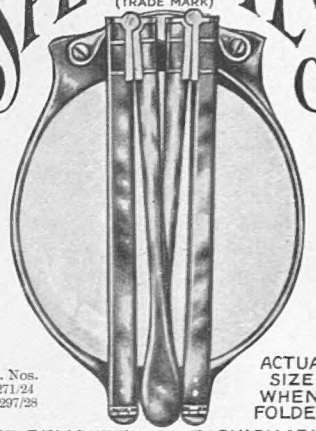

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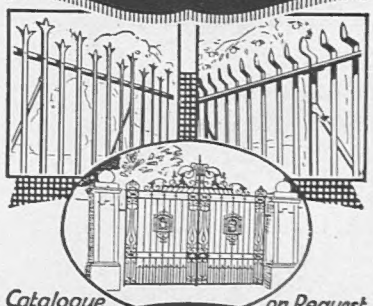

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Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

Justice comes before pity

1805:—"A most disturbing occurrence distinguished my visit to ye first opening of Goodwood Races yesterday.[1] Having spent an enjoyable afternoon in ye company of Ld G[2] and Q,[3] I was returning in my coach when a man in wild state opened ye door and flung himself inside. Before I could hail my coachman to stop, this stranger besought me to give him my protection, as he was pursued and pressed sorely. Taking pity on ye wretch, I allowed him to travel with me some three miles. Then, to my disgust, he revealed that he was a leg[4] escaping from his rightful creditors. I at once stopped my coach and required him to leave. And tho pained by association with such a character, I can only be thankful that Betty was not with me."

1. The diary is rather misleading here. It refers to the first day of the 1805 Goodwood Meeting, and not to the original opening which was in 1802.
2. Lord George Bentinck.
3. Duke of Queensberry.
4. Period slang for "bookmaker."

Lady Angela: "Seems to have worried him a bit. Still, it can't have been very nice to have a man like that crashing in on one."

Sir Edward: "I can imagine my great-grandfather's consternation and disgust when he found that he had given a lift to a 'welsher.' I rather wonder, though, that the possibility didn't occur to him earlier."

Lady Angela: "Why? It doesn't occur to me that every stranger I see is making off with someone's money."

Sir Edward: "Not nowadays, Angela. But at that time there must have been quite a number of people in just such a hurry after the races."

Lady Angela: "How depressing! Does it still happen, do you think?"

Sir Edward: "Yes or no, it doesn't affect you or me, my dear."

Lady Angela: "True enough. But do you know, Ted . . . sometimes I think that if 'Duggie' gave up business I'd give up racing."

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